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THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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I HAVE in my library, under the date of 1677, a compend of geography, by one Peter Bertius, in which are given seven conclusive reasons why France and the French nation are worth more than all other lands and nations in the civilized world, taken collectively, and in which America is despatched in less than two pages. Suppose that a body of immigrant Frenchmen in New England, honestly agreeing with Bertius in his notions of comparative geography, had claimed the use of his geography or none in our common schools, would our fathers have even listened to a demand so preposterous? Would they not have maintained that they had no right to garble, distort, or suppress geography in deference to the ignorance or prejudice of their imported fellow-citizens; that it was their duty to provide for the teaching of what they supposed to be the truth as to the condition of the world, and of as much of that truth as the instructors could impart and the children profitably receive?

A demand, not unlike this in some of its aspects, is now

made with regard to history, which is a prominent branch of study in our common-school system. We are asked to exclude from our schools the Bible, and, by parity of reason, all instruction drawn from or relating to the Bible. What is this, in the first place, but garbling and truncating history? There are important, momentous portions of the world's history, of which the Bible is the only manual. The Jewish people has exercised an influence on mankind far exceeding that of all other ancient nations; and, outside of the Bible, how scanty and fragmentary is all that can be known or taught concerning this people! Christianity is the most important factor in the history of mankind. It has been the inspiration and the mould of modern civilization, and has supplied all the elements that distinguish it from the culture of the ancient world. It has modified all political and social institutions. It has given birth to philanthropy in its Protean forms. It has created home, with its unnumbered amenities and charities, while the classic languages have not a word that corresponds to our idea of home. It has reversed the scale of the virtues, attaching supreme importance to some that had not even a name, and throwing into the background others that arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of virtue. Shall our children be forbidden to learn what Christianity is in its own universally acknowledged manual? Jesus Christ, whatever be his actual character,—whether he be or not, as I believe him to be, all that his biographers claim for him,—is, by far, the most influential personage that has ever appeared in the history of the world. To exclude his life and character from the narrative of human existence for the last nineteen centuries is an immeasurably more gross, foolish, and stupid mutilation of history, than it would be to omit the names and doings of Washington, Franklin, and Adams from American history. Shall not our children be permitted to learn what he was from the only authentic records of his person, words, and works? If history is to be one of our school studies, I know not how it is to be taught, if the Bible and its contents be excluded.

There are other departments of education in which the

Bible is no less essential than in history. If moral philosophy is to be taught at all, I suppose that none would deny that it is distinctively Christian ethics in which our children are to be trained. I doubt whether the morals of Plato, or of Aristotle, or of Cicero, or even of Seneca, would come up to the demands of our time so far as the theory of morals is concerned, though, unfortunately, the practical standard on change, among public officials, and in our halls of legislation, is below that of respectable heathenism. But if Christian ethics be taught, shall they be taught as they are interpreted, and, it may be, distorted and misrepresented by modern theorists, or as they fell from the lips and are embodied in the life of the divine Teacher?

Again, in our school education we are laying a constantly increasing stress on the culture of the taste and imagination in literature. We deem it of no little importance that our children and youth should become conversant with the best models of composition, should learn to admire what is truly grand, and to love what is truly beautiful, and should thus, both in their choice of books, and in their choice of words in speaking and writing, be under the guidance of a pure, refined, and cultivated taste. In this department who will dare dispense with the Bible? Leaving their religious worth out of the account, in a purely literary point of view, I should feel myself bereaved of the choicest productions of human genius, of my highest inspiration and my most finished models, were you to blot out of my knowledge the psalms of David, the parables of our Saviour, St. Paul's description of charity, his sublime chapter on the resurrection, the glorious visions of the Apocalypse, and many portions of sacred writ which transcend all other literature equally in the glow and fervor of their God-breathed thoughts, and in the sweetness, majesty, and grandeur of their diction.

This leads me to speak of a most important service that has been rendered by our English Bible. It is the chief reason why we can understand it now. It has been an anchor to the language, which, since it was published, has sustained less change than it previously sustained every fifty

years. It arrested at the happiest stage the Normanizing or Latinizing process that had been going on for centuries before, and preserved for us the rugged force of those Anglo-Saxon words which were fast vanishing from popular use. Our Bible is still the key to the best English diction ; and by conversance with it our children are made familiar with their own language, in a purer form than any other which can be placed before them. There can be no doubt that better English is spoken by the people at large in New England than anywhere else in the world ; and there can be equally little doubt that this is due to the fact that until now the Bible has helped form the diction of almost every child that has been educated at a New-England school.

In fine, the Bible enters in some way or other into nearly every department of education except the mathematical branches ; and were we to admit that religion forms no proper part of school instruction, we cannot afford to dispense with the sacred volume in merely secular education.

But I am not prepared to admit that religious instruction and influence should be excluded from our schools. We are by profession a Christian people. We recognize the great principles of religion, of Christianity, in the devotional services in our legislatures and our courts of justice, and in the use of oaths in every department of public administration. Shall our children be trained as citizens without the inculcation of those fundamental religious ideas, which will impress upon them the significance of prayer, and the dread solemnity of an oath ?

Sectarian teaching should, indeed, be carefully excluded. But I know of only two ways of excluding it. You must either choose none but irreligious or non-religious teachers ; or you must give your teachers a manual of religion that is not sectarian. No sincerely religious man or woman will consent to take the charge of immortal beings at the forming period of character, without attempting in some way to exercise a religious influence upon them. If you deprive such teachers of the use of the Bible, they will as a matter of conscience impart their own religious ideas ; that is, they will

present religious truths in sectarian moulds. If you leave them the use of our Saviour's prayer and of his words of truth and love, they will readily keep their own peculiar notions in the background, in the confident hope that the sacred words will mean to their pupils what they themselves have derived from them.

The objection to the use of the Bible in our schools comes from infidels and Roman Catholics. Let us consider their case. As regards avowed infidels, they are a very small minority ; and it is well known that many who do not believe in Christianity would gladly have their children educated as Christians, admit the purity and excellence of our Saviour's spirit and life, and regard the morality of the New Testament as the only system of ethics on which individual character can be worthily formed, and on which public order and virtue can rest securely. Entire unanimity of opinion cannot be expected with regard to any department of instruction other than mathematical. None would exclude moral philosophy from our schools ; yet it would be impossible to introduce any modern manual of ethics which would not find more dissentients than the ethics of the New Testament. There is not a school history that does not imply and teach political opinions adverse to the sincere beliefs of large portions of our citizens. The history of our late rebellion must necessarily have a place in our school-books in the lifetime of those who hold diametrically opposite opinions with regard to the conflict. If all subjects on which widely different beliefs are sincerely and earnestly maintained were excluded from our schools, we should reduce our school education to the bare elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The only possible course is to use manuals in accordance with the prevalent belief, and to leave dissentients to private, personal influence over their children to modify that belief, if they regard it as injurious.

Moreover, no intelligent infidel will want his children to grow up in ignorance of the prevailing religion ; and as a man of this class, if consistent with himself, will send his children neither to church nor to Sunday-school, they will

need the biblical instruction of the common school for the outside knowledge of Christianity requisite in and for the ordinary intercourse of daily life in an ostensibly Christian community.

But it is hardly necessary to dwell longer on the objections of this class of our people, who, I think, are generally intelligent enough to recognize the need of some knowledge of the Bible, and too confident of their own ability to neutralize Christian influence to fear—if, indeed, they do not desire—such influence for their children. I cannot learn that they have in any instance taken the initiative in opposing the use of the Bible in schools, though in Cincinnati, and perhaps elsewhere, they have been invited into counsel and confederacy by the Roman Catholics.

It is with the objections of the Roman Catholics that we are chiefly concerned. It is alleged in the first place, that, as regards Romanists, ours is a sectarian version. This I deny. Our translation was not only made with no hostile reference to the dogmas of the Church of Rome, but was virtually made before any of these dogmas, except the Pope's supremacy, had been called in question by English ecclesiastics. The earlier versions, prior to the adoption of Anti-Romanist opinions, were the basis of our present translation, and were seldom modified, except to change phraseology that had become obsolete, or to conform the English text to the more accurate knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek. James the First was more than half a papist, and his translators were as far as possible from being representatives of rampant Puritanism. They were easy-going Erastians, who wanted to do their work honestly, but were inclined whenever they could, in accordance with the king's instructions, to retain the old ecclesiastical, that is, Romanist words, and of course ideas. So little had they of the leaven of Protestantism, that I doubt whether it would be possible to point out a single passage in which they can be accused of even an unconscious bias, still less of a voluntary wresting of the sacred text, against any Romanist dogma.

The only class of Christians that have any right to com-

plain of our translation are the descendants of the Puritans, as against Romanists, and Romeward-tending Anglicans. There are several instances and ways in which, by retaining the old ecclesiastical words, our translators have made their version favor the Romish and Anglican notions of church-government, as — to take a single example — by sometimes using the term "bishop" to represent a word which they elsewhere rightly translate "overseer," — thus leaving the unlearned to suppose that there was a distinct order of bishops at Ephesus and in Crete; while every biblical scholar knows that the persons called "bishops" in the epistles to Timothy and Titus are the same that in other parts of our translation are called "elders," that is, presbyters. But we, Congregationalists, deem the Bible so indispensable as a manual of instruction, and regard our common version as possessed of such preponderant merits, that we acquiesce in its use, while we are fully aware that it is unfair to us alone. Enlightened Roman Catholics admit that it is not unfair to them. Geddes, the [most] most learned biblical scholar among the English Romanists, speaks of it as of all versions the most excellent for accuracy, fidelity, and the closest attention to the letter of the text. An influential native American priest, who was long a member of the school committee in one of our great cities, and took the lead in the attempt to exclude the Bible from the schools of that city, explained his position in nearly these words: "I admit that the English Bible is a perfectly fair translation, and I think it far preferable to the Douay Bible; but our foreign ecclesiastics, and especially the authorities at Rome, cannot be induced to look upon it in this light, and could not fail to regard our acquiescence in its use as schismatic." Thus, in one case at least, we sustained a vehement assault on our institutions and a serious inroad upon the public peace, solely to preserve appearances at Rome.

It has been urged that, if we insist on the use of the Bible in our schools, we should at least suffer the children of Romanists to use the Douay Bible. To this demand we reply, in the first place, that such an arrangement would introduce inextricable confusion into the schools, and, farther, that it

would be inapplicable in the many instances in which it is advisable that the Bible be read by the teacher, not by the pupils. Moreover, if our version be read at all in school, the children of Romanists would hear, if they did not read, the forbidden words ; and hearing is fully as bad as reading.

Yet were our Bible an Anti-Romanist translation, or did it lie open to the suspicion of being so, and were the Douay Bible fit for school use, I would advocate its introduction so far as it might be found practicable. But the Douay Bible is less admissible in its educational than in its religious uses. Its English is very poor. It often employs words and idioms that were never in good use, and are not easily understood. It is very deficient in its capacity to train the rhythmical ear and the rhetorical taste. Moreover, the Douay Bible does not even pretend to be a translation of the Scriptures. It is but a translation of a translation. It is simply a version of the Latin Vulgate, which all learned men admit to be itself a very poor and faulty translation, and of which one of the Popes has declared that it contains many dangerous errors. Probably there is not a Roman Catholic biblical scholar in England or America who would claim for the Douay Bible any value as a faithful representation of the original Hebrew and Greek of the Scriptures ; and by introducing it into our schools we should only stultify ourselves in the minds of those whose favor we should seek to propitiate.

But even were we to adopt the Douay Bible to the exclusion of our own, it would not meet the wishes of our Roman Catholic citizens, but would only smooth the way for new demands. They do not want neutrality, nor even religious books of their own choosing, in our public schools. They do not want that we should concede their claims in the form in which they are now made. They are unwilling to have their children educated in our public schools ; yet they want us to pay for their education. They are intensely unwilling to have their children under the tuition of any but Romanists. They desire none but religious teaching for their children and will not be contented with secular schools. Their aim is the division of school funds throughout the country, and

the appropriation, not of the small percentage which they contribute, but of the large percentage represented by their number, to the support of their own sectarian schools. Should this demand be granted, other sects stand ready to proffer similar claims, with equal show of right, and our whole common-school system will be broken up. The question virtually before us is not that of the use of the Bible in schools, but that of the permanence of our public schools as an institution. Several years ago I took the lead in the establishment of an evening school for ignorant adults, from which all religious instruction was carefully excluded. The Roman Catholics for whose benefit the school was established very early withdrew from it at the dictation of their priest, who said to me when I remonstrated with him, "Education is so great a boon that we are unwilling that our people should be indebted for it to heretics. We would rather have them utterly ignorant than that their gratitude to Protestant teachers should make them look with favor on the religion of their teachers." Traces of the feeling thus candidly expressed may be found everywhere in the attitude of Romanists toward our schools. In Cincinnati, it is a notorious fact that the infidel leaders and the free religionists on one hand, and the Romanists on the other, have acted together under the agreement that, if the latter would render their aid in excluding the Bible from the schools, the former would give their votes and influence in behalf of special appropriations for sectarian schools. A similar purpose has betrayed itself in every community in which Romanism is strong enough to give promise of success.

The question really presented for our decision is, whether our common-school system is worth retaining. To this it would seem that republicans could give but one answer. With our endless diversity of sects, nationalities and races, perpetually verging on antagonism and tending to dissidence, the only means of holding our people united by any common ties of opinion, feeling and interest must needs be sought in the education of each rising generation together, that thus by mutual association and attrition the impracticable,

non-coalescing elements in the characters of the fathers may be smoothed and mollified in the children. Sectarian schools can only prolong, transmit, and intensify the dislikes, jealousies, and enmities which even now perpetually endanger our peace and threaten the stability of our union. Some such schools will of course be sustained by extremists and zealots of various sects, and we cannot legally or rightfully interfere with them; nor under private munificence will a large proportion of any sect be thus trained. But the diversion of public funds for such an end is simply suicidal,—it is turning the arms of the state against itself,—drawing from its own treasury the means of its disintegration.

But it may be asked, in a free state will you compel children to pass through educational processes which their parents disapprove? Yes, I reply, unless their parents will give us ample indemnity against their becoming chargeable to the state as paupers or criminals, and will renounce in advance for them all claim to the rights of citizens. Many of these parents have a chronic hydrophobia for their children, and honestly believe washing a dangerous and hurtful operation; yet who will deny the right—exercised in many public schools—of requiring of the pupils a standard of cleanliness and decency to which the parents have conscientious objections? The priests, as I have said, regard reading and writing as dangerous gifts at the hand of heretics; but shall we therefore commit our public interests to the keeping of a generation of wholly unlettered citizens? Now, in insisting on the use of the Bible in common schools, we simply put it on the same footing with washing, and reading, and writing, as an essential part of the training of the citizen. Without it, the citizen cannot know how the world goes, and why it goes. He is ignorant of the causes of many common things, of the springs of events, of the foundations of modern society, of the sources and reasons of many usages, customs and laws, in fine, of much which it is imperatively necessary that he should know in order to vote and act intelligently in public affairs, trusts and duties. Our annual importations and our absurdly easy terms of naturalization give us as heavy a

weight of ignorance and blindness as our institutions, with all their elasticity, can sustain ; and these institutions will surely and speedily succumb if the children of our imported citizens are left to their heritage of ignorance.

It may in this connection be worth our while to consider with how little show of right our Roman Catholic citizens can claim special appropriations from our school funds for their own sectarian uses ; for this is manifestly the end at which they are aiming. They have, indeed, a population which might seem to proffer a strong claim, — a large minority in most of our towns and cities, — a small majority, perhaps, in a few. But, in equity, their contributions to the public treasury ought to be taken into the account. The amount of taxes paid by them is absolutely very small ; it is relatively much less, as compared with their actual property and earnings, than the assessments laid upon Protestants ; and they furnish so overwhelmingly large a proportion of the paupers and criminals as nearly to balance — when we take into the account both direct costs and forms of damage and detriment which admit of no precise estimate — the sums for which they might be credited. Their pecuniary claims for special appropriations are thus seen to be infinitesimally small.

But have they not, though a minority, positive rights as citizens ? In one of our states there is a constitutional provision by which Roman Catholics are excluded from office, and that not on sectarian grounds, but because they owe and own allegiance to a foreign potentate. For the same valid reason they ought not to be permitted, without a solemn renunciation of such allegiance, to exercise the functions or enjoy the rights of citizens, especially now that the proclamation of the Pope's infallibility, with the admission that it extends to all things temporal which he may adjudge to have a bearing — however remote or incidental — on the Church or religion, makes implicit obedience to him more than ever the primal duty. The non-allegiance of the subject to an heretical government, and the paramount authority of the Church in any conflict of jurisdiction between church and state, have always been doctrines of Romanism, and have in many

instances been acted upon. There cannot be the slightest doubt that a peremptory order from Rome might at any moment unite all the Romanists in this country in opposition, and even in open rebellion, against the government. If we require of our Southern citizens an oath of loyalty as an abjuration of a government dead beyond all possibility of resurrection, there is immeasurably better reason for demanding of Roman Catholics, as a condition of citizenship, the abjuration of an authority still living, and holding a stronger grasp than ever on the consciences of its subjects.

I do not like to say it, but I doubt whether it is sufficiently considered that the demand for sectarian schools at the public expense — to which the demand for the exclusion of the Bible from public schools is but a preliminary step — comes chiefly from a class of our immigrant population that has shown itself insatiably encroaching, grasping and usurping. I feel no antipathy against the Irish. I acknowledge their capacity, their genius. I forget not how many eminent men in every department of literature and of active life they have contributed to British fame. I commiserate them for their centuries of misrule and oppression, and rejoice that we can afford to them a home and open to them a career. But tyranny and misgovernment would be comparatively innocent if they did not exercise a malign influence on national character. They always generate a spirit of retaliation, a disposition to make reprisals, an unappeasable hunger for what has been unjustly withheld. The Irish are determined to seize in the New World indemnity for their ages of depression and penury in the Old, and to rule with as strong a hand as they have suffered under. From whatever branch of industry they adopt they succeeded in driving off native American competitors, and they are equally successful in establishing and maintaining in all departments under their control an enhanced rate of compensation. They have swept our factories almost clear of native help. They have nearly the monopoly of boot and shoe making, the most important and lucrative industry of our state. They are supreme in our families, and are enslaving us in our own houses. They regard the whole field of

labor as their own, and stand ready to repel by force negroes Chinese, — any rivals who may dispute possession with them. They are planting their colonies in many of the best localities in our towns and cities ; and when they once get foothold in a neighborhood, there springs up forthwith a populous and fragrant Hibernia, which puts all native inhabitants to flight, no matter though it have been a chosen site of wealth, taste and beauty. They are levying black mail upon us, and are fast taking to themselves the lion's share of the actual earnings of productive industry. They are sending immense sums to Ireland ; the rapidly growing capitals of our savings' banks belong in very great part to them ; they have very heavy deposits in the hands of their priests ; and their ecclesiastical property is enormous, especially in our new western cities and on the Pacific coast, where the Church (generally under Irish auspices) has anticipated other purchasers, and obtained at the outset corner-lots and other real estate yielding the most ample revenue, so that the Romish Church often holds more property than all Protestant denominations, most of it on one pretext or another exempted from taxation, and a sure means of power, no less than of income.

The tendency of these things, constantly favored by the sycophancy of politicians and the subserviency of parties, is toward the establishment of an Irish empire in America ; and we may yet have to wage for our Anglo-Saxon liberties a war of emancipation, with fearful possibilities of success on the Celtic side. The demand which we are discussing deserves especial regard as one of a series of measures designed and adapted to create a foreign supremacy on our own soil, and to bring us under a politico-religious despotism which would be none the less intolerable because under *quasi-democratic* auspices.

I have left myself little space to speak of the way in which the Bible should be used in schools. Of course, it should not be made a mere class-book, and should not be read indiscriminately. I would have it, in the first place, furnish the material for whatever devotional services there may be in the school. Such services are intrinsically proper, and, apart

from their religious worth, they aid materially in the discipline of the school, by the relations of a more tender and sacred character which they create between teacher and pupils, and among the pupils. But prayer in the teacher's own words may be sectarian, or, what is fully as bad, may be suspected of being so. Far better is it then that prayer be offered in the comprehensive form given by our Saviour. To this, where it is found practicable, may be added the responsive reading of psalms and other appropriate passages of Scripture by teacher and pupils alternately, or of such scriptural liturgies of praise as might be prepared for that use. Where sacred music can be added, nothing could be easier, more pleasant to the ear and taste, or more edifying to the spiritual receptivity than the chanting of psalms. Over and above such devotional exercises it should be left to the discretion of committees and teachers, and should depend on the grade and character of the school, whether additional direct use be made of the sacred volume.

Where all or the major part of a school are of an age to profit by such reading, I would have short lessons read by the teacher or one of the scholars, embracing the most instructive biographies and historical narratives of the Old Testament, the choicest specimens of Hebrew poetry, the principal parables and discourses of our Saviour, the leading incidents in his life, and some select portions of the apostolic epistles. For such purposes there are volumes of extracts for school use, well chosen and arranged, and easily accessible, or the teacher may exercise his own taste and judgment in the selection.

But what I would chiefly contend for and urge is, that the teacher be not only permitted, but expected, instructed and encouraged to make free use of the Bible for any and every purpose for which he may find it availing,—for instruction in history, literature, morals, and the fundamental truths of religion; that it be a reference book, a standard work, a recognized authority in the school; that as the teacher has recourse to all other books within his reach for such help as they may furnish him in teaching, so should he have especial recourse

to that exhaustless manual of knowledge human and divine, for whatever knowledge and wisdom he can draw from it for the pupils under his charge.

The Bible has been civilized man's chief educator. Heaven forbid that under foreign dictation, and against the sound judgment of our people, we should take the retrograde steps now demanded of us toward the barbarism from which the Bible alone has rescued us.

THE REV. DR. FURNESS.

ON New Year's day Dr. Furness commemorated the forty-sixth anniversary of his ministry in Philadelphia. We hear the services spoken of as exceedingly interesting and appropriate,—the genial, hopeful, loving spirit of the preacher finding a fitting response in the grateful, affectionate, and almost reverent emotions of his people. The ministerial profession has its trials and its drawbacks. Dr. Furness has had his painful and bitter experiences. But to the faithful minister there are great and solemn compensations. The contest may be long. The powers at work against him may have their hour of apparent ascendancy. Personal friends may angrily or sorrowfully withdraw from him because of his fidelity to his sacred calling, and no one who has not gone through the trial can tell how sharp the anguish of such a separation is. But if, while faithful to his trust, he retains also the sweetness of his nature, and grows neither hard nor harsh, the confidence and respect of his people will at length gather round him. And he grows old amid a people, who, so far as he is concerned, make but one family, and look up to him with filial love and respect. The kindly affections which are turned towards him, the atmosphere of mutual confidence, and of filial and paternal love, may be such as can hardly be expected in any other sphere of life. How many homes are open to him! How many hearts welcome him! By how many blessings and prayers is he followed and comforted in his declining years. How poor compared with these things in our old age are the triumphs of ambition, the accumulations of wealth, and all the outward social distinctions that are most sought after and prized!

With singular guilelessness and simplicity, Dr. Furness has always been true to the ideal of his youth. As he was when his life's work began, so is he now, only with a nature strengthened and mellowed by his life's thought and experience. There is something touching in the title as well as in the contents of the books which he has published. Almost the same name, for thirty years or more, and always substantially the same subject and the same fundamental ideas, but adorned, diversified, enriched by all that careful study, a widely extended culture, a glowing fancy, a loving enthusiasm and reverence for his subject, could bring to his chosen theme. We do not accept his philosophy of the Christian miracles. His view of the nature of Jesus does not satisfy either our reason or our faith. And yet, how fresh and charming his presentation of the subject always is!

It is pleasant to hear of our friend in Philadelphia still going in and out before his people, hale and strong, with the cheerfulness which betokens a guileless heart, his youthful zeal still unabated, and in all the charm of his beautiful and loving spirit.

HOPE BENEATH THE WATERS.

"I CANNOT mount to heaven beneath this ban:
Can Christian hope survive so far below
The level of the happiness of man?
Can angels' wings in these dark waters grow?"
A spirit voice replied, "From bearing right
Our sorest burthens, comes fresh strength to bear;
And so we rise again towards the light,
And quit the sunless depths for upper air:
Meek patience is as divers' breath to all
Who sink in sorrow's sea, and many a ray
Comes gleaming downward from the source of day,
'To guide us, re-ascending, from our fall.
The rocks have bruised thee sore, but angels' wings
Grow best from bruises,—hope from anguish springs."

— Charles Turner.

HOW TO SPEND A DAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE reason why most of us accomplish so little for our own personal improvement or the good of others is, that we have no definite plan for each day as it comes up. In going out to do a dozen errands we lay out our morning's employment with a prudent regard to economy in time and space. Without some such plan there must be a great waste of labor, and after all our work is poorly done. In house-keeping, in managing a farm, in doing business, or in gaining knowledge, a great reason why one person will do twice or ten times as much as another is, that he has a distinct plan, an orderly habit of mind running through all his occupations, and the other has not. The one knows in the morning what he shall do first, and what he may defer to the best advantage; while to the other the employments of the coming day are a sort of chaos, and chance alone is to determine what is to be done first and what last.

"The day," says the greatest of German poets, "is extremely long if one knows how to appreciate and to employ it;" and in conformity with this maxim was the minute and orderly arrangement which ran through his life, husbanding to the best advantage all the moments of each day. It was said of John Wesley, who accomplished an almost incredible amount of labor, that "when you met him in the street of a crowded city, he attracted notice, not by his band and cassock, and his long hair, but by his face and manner, both indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost." "Though I am always in haste," he said, "I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit." It is not he who works the hardest and the longest, but he who plans his work most wisely, and thus labors to the best advantage, that accomplishes the most. As all our time is measured out to us day by day, that plan of life is the most perfect

which includes within itself the most distinct and profitable employment of each day as it comes.

We propose to speak of the use that should be made of a single day, or rather to suggest a plan for spending a day.

And, first, we should have a distinct plan and purpose for the day on which we are entering. The question each morning is, not what shall I do to-morrow, or next week? what measures for my own personal improvement or the good of others shall I carry out next winter? but what shall I do to-day? How shall I employ its hours to the best advantage? We should always have on hand some regular employment; and before we enter on our work in the morning we should have some definite plan as to how each part of the day shall be spent. Our employments are for the most part arranged for us by the force of circumstances. But even then a wise forecast will help us greatly in our work. Whatever plan we form must, of course, be left open to the unforeseen variations and interruptions to which every day is liable. The specific plan must be formed for each new day, and it must be so formed as to yield easily and gracefully to the unexpected demands of each day in its progress. But the habit of always having such a plan, a map of duties and employments to meet the hours of the day as they come, will be an immense saving of time and labor. It will enable us to do more and do it better. And especially in the well-ordered habit of life which it leads us to form, it will have a happy influence on our minds and hearts and lives.

Of course, we cannot speak here of the specific plan which each one of our readers is to form for each specific day. But there are certain elements which should enter into every wise and Christian plan for the well-ordering of a day, and without which no day can properly accomplish its design.

And, first of all, no wise and Christian plan for the employment of a day can afford to leave out the appropriation of some specific portion of the day for religious worship, meditation and instruction. Our first waking thoughts should turn in this direction. Prayer should rise as silently and as spontaneously from our minds as the dews ascend with the

rising sun in unseen exhalations from the grass and flowers. A sense of gratitude and love, awakening in us with the first consciousness of the opening day, should prepare the way, and secure at least a little time for healthful spiritual recreation. "If," says Bishop Butler, "it took up only a minute or two, or even less time than that, it would be a recollection that we are in the divine presence, and contribute to our being in the fear of God all the day long." In the strength and under the guidance of this feeling we may ask ourselves how we this day can order our steps most wisely, and live most faithfully and purely in the sight of God. By this rule of conformity to his will we may judge of our intended actions, and bring our plan for the day into harmony with the judgment we then and there shall pass. Our first morning hour may thus be a refreshment and a monitor, an inspiration and a guide, nourishment and health to the soul, a corrective and a tonic to save us from the crushing cares and the misleading interests and passions of the day. Its premonitions now, if we heed them as we ought, will not return, as otherwise they must, with the shadows of evening, to haunt us in the shape of an unavailing remorse.

In the morning of the busiest day there ought to be always, in the privacy of the soul, moments set apart for exercises like these. And there should also be something done for our religious improvement; some few sentences, at least, from some religious book which we have taken as our chosen guide and companion. We may read a chapter or two in the Bible, and commit to memory, if it be only a single one of its weighty sentences, to carry it with us as a sort of password through the day. The most crowded life need not rob us of this privilege. Perhaps no public man of the last generation had his time more occupied with public and private labors than John Quincy Adams. But President Quincy, in his very interesting memoir of Mr. Adams, says of him: "Religion was also in his mind a predominating element. A practice which he prescribed to himself, *and never omitted*, of reading daily five chapters in the Bible, familiarized his mind with its pages." And not merely did he read, but he studied it pro-

foundly. Now if he, when he had the weighty affairs of the whole nation upon his mind, could yet find time every day to read five chapters in the Bible, who of us can allege a want of time as an excuse for not storing his mind with its great and inspiring words?

Let then our earliest morning be given at least for a little season to such thoughts, and they will follow us as an unconscious but unfailing influence and motive through the day. In the words of Sir Matthew Hale, one of the purest men and greatest judges that England has ever produced, "Whatever you do, be very careful to retain in your heart *a habit of religion*, that may be always about you, and keep your heart and your life as in **HIS** presence, and tending towards **HIM**. . . . This habit of piety in your soul will not only not lie sleeping and inactive, but almost in every hour of the day will put forth exertions of itself in short, occasional prayers, thanksgivings, dependence and resort, unto that God who is always near you and lodgeth in a mansion in your heart. . . . By this means you do effectually, and in the best and readiest manner imaginable, redeem your time. This is the great art of Christian chymistry, whereby the whole course of this life becomes a service to Almighty God, an uninterrupted state of religion, the best and noblest and most universal redemption of time."

May we not in this connection recommend the good old habit of family worship? The father of the family is the priest of the family by an ordination earlier than that of any other priest. There is something very affecting in the account that is given of Job, who, when his sons had been feasting together, sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning to offer sacrifices and prayers in their behalf; for he said, "it may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts."

The second element which must enter, as an essential part, into the plan of every day, is labor. From the necessity of the case, this, with most of us, must be the principal occupation of the day. It should be carefully arranged so that we may accomplish the largest result with the least amount

of distraction or waste. The farmer who lays out his work to the best advantage may, sometimes, do twice as much in the day as he otherwise would. The young student who has his day's studies carefully arranged — such and such hours devoted to such and such pursuits — will, with the same amount of labor, make far greater progress, and be a far more ready and exact scholar, than he otherwise could be. With the man of business a strict method in the conduct of his affairs is absolutely essential to success. Labors thus looked forward to and provided for in the plan of each day will be cheerfully undertaken and patiently borne.

In the employment which enters into our daily plan, apart from our necessary cares and labors, there should be some little time assigned for one's own intellectual improvement. Every man should always have on hand for his leisure moments some subject which requires thought and investigation, and which has a tendency to enlarge and enlighten his mind.

We hear it said that merchants of the present generation do less of this than those of the generation that preceded them: that business now is so much more pressing, and its competitions so much keener, that they have less time than formerly for intellectual improvement. We question the fact. The business men of the last generation were men remarkable for their intelligence, and for their liberal and comprehensive views. We are slow to believe there is any falling off in these particulars. But if, in the progress of wealth, the increased luxuries, which are considered essential, impose such additional burdens upon our business men, that they are obliged to give up intellectual pursuits almost entirely in order to meet the factitious and extravagant demands of luxurious living, this is a state of things which every wise and Christian man will be slow to countenance or support. If it is allowed to go on with its merciless exactions, the whole race of men and women will deteriorate. The mind and character of the community will be enfeebled. Not only the intelligence, but the high-toned moral sentiments and manly virtues, which are the life and safeguards of society, will grow sickly and die. In the plan of life, therefore, which is

to be carried into the employments of every day, there should always be some space left for the cultivation and improvement of the mind. Men ignorant of everything beyond their own narrow sphere of business, whether on a farm, in a mechanic's shop, a counting-room, a lawyer's office, or a minister's study, should be ashamed to go about claiming for themselves a place among the respectable and intelligent members of society.

The next thing which should enter into the plan of every day is the consideration of usefulness to others. We are not placed here by the all-bountiful Father for ourselves alone. Life is not one unceasing struggle for our own personal advancement, even in intelligence and virtue, if such a thing were possible, without regarding the wants of our fellow-men. With every day the question should come up, What can I do to-day for the relief, the comfort, the well-being, or the happiness of others? Or, if the question is not distinctly asked, it should always enter as an unconscious, vital element into all the plans of life. It is not to be put off till we have gained some distant amount of wealth or leisure, which we may spend in doing good. Now, to-day, while we have life and health, and God's gifts and his blessings, to dispense according to our ability, in whatever way we can, by the use of our hands or our money, by kind words or thoughtful deeds, we are to do our part to support all good institutions, to promote all kind and neighborly feelings, to relieve the suffering, to encourage the desponding, reclaim and restore the fallen, to enlighten the ignorant, to save the exposed and defenseless. Sad, indeed, will be the closing shadows of that day which has failed to recognize our duties in this direction; and sadder still, infinitely mournful, will be the life whose closing shadows are lighted up by no thought of what we have done for others, and whose impending retributions shall be repeated to us in the awful words, "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." Dark, indeed, is that man's lot whose dying hour is

not soothed by the tears and prayers of some poor or suffering brother whose burden he has shared, whose wretchedness he has at least tried to relieve. Let no day pass without some thought of this.

Another essential ingredient in the plan of every day is relaxation. Recreation of body and mind, in some form or other, should make a part of our daily experience. It is essential to our bodily and spiritual health. The great scholar and profound thinker, as well as admirable poet, Dr. Henry Moore, after a long period of exhausting study, once said, "Now, for these three months, I will neither think a wise thought, nor speak a wise word, or do an ill thing." As few of us go through such long and exhausting processes of intellectual labor as he had done, it is seldom, in the course of a lifetime, that we need so long a period of relaxation from care and thought. But there should be a portion of every day given up ungrudgingly to amusement and recreation. Our meals should be marked by something more than a silent, solemn satisfaction in the animal enjoyment of eating and drinking; they should be pervaded by an air of festivity and social gladness, and thus made to contribute alike to the refreshment of body and mind. "The fear of the Lord maketh a merry heart," and a merry heart venting its spirits in words of innocent hilarity and mirth, at our family meals, will do a great deal to promote digestion, to elevate the mind, to give a bright and wholesome stimulus to our thoughts, while it will drive away a morbid, misanthropical gloominess of soul more effectually than a moral precept or a virtuous resolution. Let, then, our recreation, like our religion, not only have its own appropriate moments, but also, as a finer essence, diffuse itself through the whole day, lightening its cares, and throwing its brightness into every little interval of rest, as the sun throws its cheering rays into every little crevice and opening that it finds in the overshadowing wilderness.

I have time only to hint at one thing more; and that is, that we should lay in, every day, an extra supply of patience, good nature, and Christian submissiveness, so as to be pro-

vided beforehand for the disturbances and disappointments which are always liable to interfere at any moment with the best-ordered plan. With all that we can do we shall have enough to try our tempers, and to prove the strength and the serenity of our faith.

And is not a day thus spent better than a thousand? As at its close we lay down its burden of care and labor, and review its incidents, and lift up our hearts in thankfulness for all that it has brought, is it not a beautiful type and epitome of life itself? There are its morning hours of many-colored radiance, lighted up with the sun of God's love, and pointing, even by its shadows, forward towards the meridian brightness. There are the heat and burden of the day, betokening the weightier cares and toils of life. There are the lengthening shadows which show that our day is far spent; its even-song of religious gratitude, its closing evening prayers, and its night of rest, to be followed by its resurrection from sleep, an image and foreshadowing of that more glorious resurrection, and that brighter day which at last shall dawn upon us.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

WE were out upon the water, the ocean before us, and the mountains behind. It had been a showery afternoon, with alternations of sunshine and shadows on the hills and valleys. A slight shower passed over us just as the sun was going down and filling the whole atmosphere with its golden light; when, all at once, with colors more radiant than I had ever seen before, there appeared before us a rainbow, perfect and entire, standing, like the angel in the Apocalypse, with one foot on the sea and the other on the earth. It seemed as if we had been suddenly transferred to a holier and diviner world. The vision soon melted away into the leaden hues of the approaching night. But the image of divine loveliness and peace which was there impressed upon us makes still a part of our inmost life, and will continue, at times, to cheer and comfort us till this mortal shall put on immortality.

LATTER-DAY UNBELIEF.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

THE subject of miracles is not a thing by itself, as is commonly thought. Nor are miracles as arbitrary as medals, which a monarch may strike on exceptional occasions, and distribute among his worshipers. And this is said, notwithstanding that absurd and ridiculously belauded notion, that a miracle is an impression, of which, on its being made, God breaks the seal. God pardon the man who first said that! For because of its being so silly, there have been persons, who have been betrayed into denying the possibility of a miracle.

As is implied by its very name, a miracle is connected with the unknown. By the capacity of one man from out of a thousand millions of persons, to be quickened miraculously, human nature is itself illustrated, as to its latent powers. And often miracles have been signs of the manner in which, hereafter, the soul will be acted upon, as a denizen of the spiritual universe.

Spiritually, miracles are like flashes of lightning in a dark night ; and they are "signs" and glimpses of a world of certainty surrounding us, which would otherwise have been inconceivable almost, and utterly incredible. There is nothing truer than that *the philosophy of miracles is of the very essence of religion*. I have said this before, and I wish now that somebody else would say it, and keep saying it. For on the subject of miracles, the inertness of thought, which it is so desirable to have corrected, has been incurred mainly by the manner in which people, for the last hundred years, have kept on, and now even keep on saying senseless things, in a parrot-like way, some on one side and some on another, about a miracle being "an arbitrary interference with eternal laws," or "an act suspending the laws of nature." Is it then an interference with eternal laws, when a thunderbolt, notwithstanding the laws of cohesiveness, splits a tower mantled with ivy ? Or is there an actual suspension of the law of

gravitation, by the hand of the Almighty, when, with a flash of lightning, an ox is flung, like a pebble, over a fence? Nor is there a miracle recorded in the Scriptures, by which, necessarily, any law of nature was broken.

"Oh!" but some one exclaims, "if that be so,— but then it cannot be so, and it is not,— but if it were so, then where should I be?" And to that I make answer, "You are at this moment, intellectually, where I was, when I sat in my place with my class at college; for you are in the long shadow of Dr. Middleton. But do not, for the sake of that shadow, love darkness or fear the light." And our modern skeptic says, "No, indeed, no! But miracles, can they really ever have happened, do you think? But miracles to-day, or now ever again—they cannot be believed in, or will not be for long, as the philosophers all know; and it is all because of science." There are persons who keep on crying in that helpless way, as though, almost, the denial of the wonderful were a form of prayer.

But what a singular thing, and before high heaven, for persistency, what an audacious thing is that anti-supernaturalism, which is of the school of David Hume, and which relies on his "Essay on Miracles"! And how many persons there are who are ready to defer to David Hume, as being more reliable than Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul, with Peter and James, while yet themselves they have never even seen that Essay, in the worth of which they put their trust! And that, indeed, would be an easy as well as a cheap way to popularity, which is achieved by sneering at miracles, as being the rod of Aaron and the gourd of Jonah, if only, under God, popularity did not have its responsibilities.

In illustration of his argument against the credibility of miracles, Hume derides two cures, which by the historian Tacitus are described as having been wrought through the Emperor Vespasian. One of these cures was in the case of a man whose paralyzed hand was restored by the emperor's putting his foot upon it. It was a magnetic cure, of course. "No evidence can well be supposed stronger for so gross and so palpable a falsehood," says Hume himself. But yet, hun-

dreds of such cures, as what Hume accounted impossible, have occurred since his day. They are recorded as having happened in the Catholic Church; and they are reported from among the Esquimaux. And, indeed, so numerous and notorious have they been during the last few years, that there is no intelligent person but, with a little trouble, might see for himself Hume's argument on miracles explode. There is a fanaticism of unbelief, or there would not, at this day, be a disciple of Hume to open his mouth. But this persistency in ignoring facts which might prove to be "signs and wonders," and with the possibility of which the universe grows more hopeful,—there is nothing like it, unless it may be the materialism of Dr. Buchner, and that indeed would seem to be natural only as the nightmare-dream of a mole in his cold burrow.

Anciently, at Jerusalem, there were many persons, and Rabbis, even, who did not know Jesus Christ when they saw him. And, just so, there are people, at the present time, who can not conceive, as they say, that the subject of miracles can be of any practical importance. "Oh! we believe in revelation, and the necessity of that, of course. And the miracles we do not doubt about. Oh! not for a moment. But perhaps they need not be talked about much. Because, after all, a miracle is not doctrine. And when a miracle is done and over, what is there more about it?" Are there then men who cannot, intellectually, see further than that? Of course there are, and women, too: just as there short-sighted persons, who cannot see across the street. But yet most of the miracles of the Bible, and perhaps all of them, are practically very important after hundreds and thousands of years; for, if they are not so, what does the word "practice" mean, and what is there which is important?

At Dothan, when the prophet Elisha had been suddenly surrounded, during the night, by a Syrian army, his servant was terrified; but the prophet said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the

young man, and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Angels of the Lord encamping about them that fear him,—the way wide open, through which mortals are accessible, sometimes, at least, to friends and opponents in the spiritual world,—is there nothing in all that practically important to think of? Certainly, to the authorities of Timbuctoo in Africa, it would be of no practical importance, at this moment, to learn simply that a young Israelite was comforted by his master one day, nearly three thousand years ago. And yet for me, individually, and for some millions of persons now living, the case of that young man is a great thing to know of; because that vision, which was quickened in him, really is latent in us all. That opening of the eyes, which was wrought for him by the prayer of the prophet, is what will be effected for us all, to some extent, by the mere act of dying. The eyes by which that servant of the prophet saw "horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" are what myself I shall see with, when I shall have become an immortal spirit: and therewith shall I recognize the angels Gabriel and Raphael, and my dear mother, and one friend and another, and hundreds and thousands of persons whom I have known of, by intercourse and by reading.

Practical! What in the world is there of more importance, practically and ultimately, than a miracle? For, indeed, it is a sign for us all from outside.

A miracle, as being "a sign and wonder," is, of itself, more or less of a revelation; because it manifests the certainty of spiritual powers, which intimately concern us, but which we do not know about; and because, also, it proves that we have susceptibilities and faculties which begin with us here, but of which, personally, we may never have experience till we shall have been "born again" from out of "the body of this death."

A miracle may be the work of an angel, as when, at Jerusalem, "An angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water," so that any one person, stepping into it, was cured of any disease whatever; or as when "the angel did wondrously," while Manoah and his wife

looked on. "For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground." Or a miracle may result from an organization surcharged with power; as would seem to have been the case when a poor woman in a crowd was cured through Jesus, without his will, apparently. "And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, "Who touched my clothes?" And that virtue which was in him may have been from the indwelling of the Father, or from the Spirit having been given him without measure. And both those expressions may have been the same thing as "heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." And all those three expressions may, perhaps, have been fulfilled by his having breathed the air of the highest heaven, while walking the ways of this planetary earth.

But some one will say, "A miracle, however, is a miracle, is it not?" Yes, certainly, a miracle is literally a wonder, and it is also "a sign and wonder;" and it is a wonder because it is connected with the unknown, and it is also a sign, because it signifies. "But if one man can be a prophet, why cannot every man be?" If Shakespeare could be a poet, why cannot any Englishman be a Shakespeare? "Ah, but if an angel can intervene among men, in one age, why cannot he every day?" Perhaps he can, but thinks that he had better not; and perhaps, also, the means of his approach may rarely admit him, because of the state of men themselves, individually; or because, perhaps, of the state of some subtle atmosphere, which is of such a nature as that, compared with it, the ether of the firmament is solid.

There is a semi-believer, who pares and shapes his Christianity so as to keep it, as he thinks, within the bounds of his science. And he cries out, "Oh! but does not science show that there is no way by which angels can get into this earth? And are not the laws of nature against them? And is it impossible for a man to believe in Christ, without being wiser than

astronomers and geologists?" Not necessarily! For a man can believe in Christ, even if he knows no more than Newton did; for Newton was a good Christian, and was thoroughly persuaded as to the reality of prophecy. But a man cannot be a Christian without knowing more than both astronomy and geology put together. And, indeed, how can a man properly be a man, unless he be more than all the sciences in one? For man is soul as well as science. And there are instincts in human nature which really are prophetic of its outside universe, plainly so as to this present world, and, therefore, certainly so as to the next. Faith is the result of our having been divinely constituted; and it is a predisposition, from nature, for believing in life outside of the range, wonderful as it is, of both telescope and microscope. We live by more laws of life than what went to the making of the sun, or than what the moon and the planets move by. And of these laws, there are some, which may serve as a highway for the purposes of our God, and for spirits, when he would make them his angels.

Here some modern member of Middleton's school exclaims, "Oh, then, you make much of miracles, don't you? And you believe of course in all the old style of theology, and that there is a day of judgment, don't you?" I believe, at this very time, conformably with earthly circumstances, that France is having a day of judgment. And more solemnly still, do I believe that, hereafter, with nice and special discrimination, there will be a day of judgment adjusted for such clergymen, poets, and philosophers, as have thought more of pleasing people with "itching ears," than of being themselves what they ought to be as "stewards of the mysteries of God." There are still offenses, which are akin to the sin against the Holy Ghost; and one of them is, when a Christian minister, as to some points, would rather be blind than know more than his people do, for fear of losing his useful popularity; and another is, when a man, against his own feelings, is flippant on subjects of faith with a view to the vulgar. These are sins which are sometimes committed; and they are great crimes, unless, indeed, on this earth, as a

stage, we are all of us mere puppets in a farce, for devils to laugh at.

That miracles are minor matters, and hardly worth an argument, is what a man may feel, and what, indeed, some Christians may think excusably, because of their ignorance. But what is the gospel which can be eliminated from the books of the evangelists, if all the miraculous narratives are false? Or what is the gospel, and where is it, which can be preached as though miracles were nothing? What is it? And where really is it to be found?

Thou minister of Christ, who art indifferent as to miracles! Take any one of the four Gospels and mark out of it every word which is connected with the miraculous, through the claims and actions of Jesus Christ; and what would you find remaining, do you think? But that is not all; for you have got yet to consider something more; and for reading and thought what would there be left of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, if every word connected with miracles were omitted, and if, also, every remaining sentence were fully discharged of that spirit, which never could have been in it but for a belief in miracles, and in angels, and in sympathy and communication between heaven and earth as to man? There would be nothing left; or what little there might be you would do better to be preaching from out of the multifarious Seneca.

Minister of Christ Jesus! Do you not know that the very word "Christ" does itself imply the miraculous, the anointing of the Spirit, the intervention of angels, and "the dispensation of the fullness of times?" A gospel which disowns inspiration and which denies the prophets,—what is that as good news? Good news coming from nowhere, what is that? A gospel of earthly origin—that is a self-contradiction in terms. Minister of Jesus Christ! It is no gospel for you to be preaching.

Certainly a church may be well morally without any belief in the Spirit, or in miracles, and without any other belief as to Jesus, than that he was a good man in the East, who came to a violent end, after having made a deep

impression on the minds of some people. And such a church also can be as beneficent as some remarkable heathen societies have been. But what it can be as to faith and as to joy in the Holy Ghost, when the leaders thereof do not know how to believe in miracles as being "signs" of a higher, wider world than what suffices us as to food, clothes, and breath? And that question is answered by things as they are at present, the bewildered, joyless state of the Christian Church, in every sect and section of it.

For Scriptural ends, how possibly can miracles be believed in aright, unless man be thought of as to his constitution, after the manner of Moses, Elijah, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul, and John the Divine? Otherwise, how can a person believe in a prophet sensibly? Man is not merely a piece of clay in a superior state of organization; for still more fully and truly he is a spirit, akin for a time to that highly organized clay, and informing it. But as a spirit there belong to him faculties, and also a sharpness of faculty, which the clay does not allow of commonly as to exercise. And the prophet is the exceptional person with whom some spiritual power has a special opening now and then. Paul would have been a prophet, only that he was more than a prophet, and as such he had eyes for the sun and for this world of daily work, and eyes also within, which could open on "a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun." And Samuel was a prophet, because of his peculiarity as to hearing, and because he could hear, as a child even, a voice addressing him which was not of this world. And Abraham was a prophet because, besides being a good man, he also was susceptible of that deep sleep, trance, or state of vision, wherein angels can talk with the human soul, as though it were unclothed of the body, and more or less after their own pictorial way.

In the ministry of angels, whether as connected with an errand of mercy sometimes for an individual, or with influence as affecting the world, how little belief there is! In one church morality may be preached thoroughly and successfully; and in another that estimate of human nature may be realized which is so desperate, sometimes, as an article of faith;

while yet in another church theology may utter itself in such a metaphysical manner as that though anybody can acquiesce, nobody but an adept can believe. And yet throughout some great cities, it would perhaps be impossible to find a single person, who has understood the philosophy of revelation, as it is implied from Genesis to the Apocalypse, and as it is distinctly stated in the words of Stephen, the protomartyr, when he reproached the Jews as you "who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it;" and as also Paul wrote of it to the Galatians, where he says about the law, that "it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator." Angels may be the names of churches, and they may be garniture for poetry; but there is not a Protestant Church which thinks of angels as the early Christians did.

But here anybody of Dr. Middleton's school would exclaim, "Oh! but if you believe in angels, you must believe in ghosts, for the Jews did." And how, really, can any candid, thoughtful, fairly informed person doubt about spirits. And indeed, rightly, how can anybody doubt, unless he be also such a doubter about many things, as that really he ought to avoid human intercourse and keep to the house? And actually is it such an incredible thing, that, at the moment of death, a spirit, by some law of attraction, should cross the sight of a distant friend, and linger for a moment on its way into the invisible and eternal? Or for anything that anybody knows, is it right to deny the possibility of a spirit being caught by some earthly entanglement, for a time, so as even to be kept haunting a house? For, indeed, all round the world, how fast human beings always are becoming spirits; and in what crowds, every hour, they are ceasing from the body!

"But oh! Such a vulgar belief, as that in ghosts!" And so was Christianity itself a vulgar belief when it was the faith mainly of fishermen and publicans. And does not the Pope himself own that when he uses what he calls the seal of the fisherman? And vulgar enough, too, have been many of the sources of that natural science, which some of its professors idolize now, and exalt "above all that is called God, or that is worshiped." Precious are all the facts which illustrate the

nature and the connections and the susceptibilities of the soul. And ghost-stories have their worth and their place, however lowly. And they certainly should not be disowned for a mere taunt.

It is all true! And spiritual apparitions cannot be scouted as a belief; but soon angels will begin to seem incredible; and where there is no belief in angels, it must soon be as though the Holy Ghost were merely a figure of speech, or as though, philosophically understood, the Holy Spirit must be an objective expression for a subjective experience. Questions disputed in theology are mostly the controversies of blind men about colors; and of such questions as are not of that nature, nearly all, at the end, are about simply the sensitiveness of a spirit in the flesh, and as to whether praying really is prayer, and really is that effectual, fervent and avail-ing something, which St. James wrote of; and as to whether on this earth a man can possibly be known of, and be distin-guished, and be pitied, and be helped by the Most High, or by any angel from off any one of the steps below his throne.

"Oh! but," it is cried, "how can an angel see my spirit or affect it, while it is in my body? For matter and spirit are so different!" But then there is no knowing what really matter is, either in itself or in its properties or limitations. And indeed in the animal economy, there is such a play of imponderable forces, as if considered, would easily persuade a man that already his way of life is more ghost-like than he could have thought. And indeed it is not at all a question of possi-bility, but only of testimony as to whether ever voices have been heard calling out of heaven, or figures been seen glisten-ing with a light, which the sun never shone with. There must be a belief in "the inward man" and his affinities before there can be an intelligent faith as to all that which is called Christianity.

How can a man pray like a Christian, and ask for daily bread as a heavenly gift, unless, despite scientific and sensuous murkiness, he can believe in laws concerning himself, higher than those simply by which loaves are baked, and passed from hand to hand?

Not, however, that the light of science is murkiness for faith, because it is really the reverse. Nor is there ever any opposition between science and religion, except as between two heads, both of which together would only be large enough for one whole-souled man. Science in opposition to religion — what a notion! It might as well be fancied that the straight, tight wires of a harp are inconsistent with mellifluence of sound. Brass strings and laws of nature are all capable of being played upon by men, and by spirits too, who really are men, disembodied. Some of the laws of nature men compel to work in their kitchens and factories, as everybody knows; and therefore ought it not to be a credible thing that angels, with a science of their own, may be able to get at us poor mortals, on their errands from above, and be even able now and then to give "a sign," or as people say, work a miracle?

A man is not, at any time, merely or mainly, an Asiatic or a European, a preacher or a pew-holder: because fully and truly he is a child of God, and by birth, therefore, is in affinity with all the laws, by which the sun, moon and stars "are members one of another," and by which Christ Jesus is the elder brother of the soul. And there is not a law of nature, which a man can recognize, but is a sign of his being himself one of the "heirs of God," as regards eternity and the treasure-house of the infinite. Nor is there a thought or feeling of a saint in glory, with which a sinner can sympathize, but is a means, by which the saint and the sinner are in a way to meet.

The theology of the day, however, has grown so wise and weak, as actually from some high places to plead for faith in a hereafter, mainly as being useful after the manner of a constable with his staff. Yet in the autumn there is not a thistle but is prophetic of a summer to come, by the way in which its blossoms turn to seed; and concerning us mortals, as children of nature, there are things enough, which are prophetic of a supernatural state, if only we could regard them and believe.

Fashion affects one thing in one age, and another thing in

another,—ferocious independence at one time, and abject self-humiliation at another time,—faith for a while, and then skepticism. At present, it affects unbelief as to spirit. And even there are persons who fancy themselves members of some intellectual aristocracy, because of their doubting more than their grandfathers did, as they suppose. As though really doubting were the end of life; and as though it were the perfection of sight, to be sure about nothing! But as a matter of fact and wide observation, it may be asserted, that vulgarity, or the populace as such, is no more inclined to credulity, than are doctorships, earldoms, and royalty. And as a manifestation of human nature, for study spiritually, a good, unsophisticated English peasant is worth more than any aristocracy or any university at the present day; and the poor man would readily show himself wiser than scores of doctors in divinity and law, only that he cannot talk readily.

Is not the universe all alive? And materially at least, is it not sympathetic throughout, one grain of sand with another grain, one planet with another, and every sun, individually, with all other solar centres? Can I then, or reasonably can anybody know anything about the star Algol, and doubt as to whether possibly there can be ways or means through which mortals may be known of from heaven; or through which spiritually, for Daniel, "a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven?" There are men with their instruments, who could sit at Rome, in the dome of St. Peter's, and tell in a moment of a great thunder-storm, though it were happening even in the Andes, or on the Himalayas. Let any man think of it well and willingly, and that scientific fact will soon begin to be prophetic for him in the spirit.

The latent electricity of a cloud is probably more than half-way between our human dust and those powers, by which the angels flash with light, and are young and fresh forever.

What philosopher, anciently, ever thought that his body might perhaps be alive with the quality of the thunderbolt? **But yet it was.**

And what may be called the latent powers of man, spiritually, Plato knew of, and so more distinctly, perhaps, than he himself, did the Neo-Platonists. Yet those old philosophers, as to their faith spiritually, would have been rejoiced by those facts of natural science which are announced from time to time, at present, even though they are what some Christian leaders quail at, and some others dishonestly pretend to despise.

Religion kneels and prostrates herself for worship in churches and closets; but the angels, who know of her, and who hold the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints," also witness that in academies, and alongside of great telescopes, science, not without a sense of blindness, cries, "Lord, teach me, also, how to pray."

Our bodies are sensitive, in every particle, to every wind that blows, and to the sun and moon; and cannot, then, our souls be credited for sensibilities as to the Infinite and as to angels, and as to those outgoings of power from the Highest, by which worlds take form, and prophets speak.

For a monkey, science is nothing; but for reason at its highest, science with the whole earth in view, is a prophetess, and like faith is "the evidence of things not seen," such as spirit and heaven. And because of what particles of matter are to one another, chemically, we may well believe in there being in man affinities, latent mostly, but yet by some one of which, individuals may be connected unconsciously, through God, with one or other of "the seven spirits which are before his throne." And because of things, which are true and even familiar, it is possible, that from Christian descent, a soul may be so sensitive, as even to feel, at times, the glance of Christ from heaven, as certainly and tenderly as Peter felt that look of Jesus at him, when he went out from the house of the high priest, and wept bitterly. Are angels, any of them, sensible in heaven of the repentance of a sinner on our earth; then, no doubt, there are ways and means, by which the dwellers of earth may possibly, and at least occasionally, be rejoiced and helped by the angels of heaven.

It is not necessary, because of the Bible, to think that men

are all affected alike through their spiritual susceptibility. Men of one century and another differ from one another, more distinctly than people do who are contemporaries. And since Adam, perhaps, no two persons have ever been alike for sensitiveness as to the world of spirit, or as to the quality of their faith, any more than any two persons have ever been exactly alike in face since the time of Adam and Eve. And, therefore, to be genuine, the piety of the present day should be free to express itself in words and ways of its own. And therefore, also, at present, as to the spiritual world, faith ought not to be restricting its expectations to such signs from above, as were given to Gideon, or as were vouchsafed through Samuel and Elijah, or as transpired in connection with Paul and Peter.

By the sun our earth is warmed and lighted, but not to the same effect, probably, over any two separate miles anywhere. And that effluence of God, or quickening from on high, which is the Holy Ghost, is like the shining of the sun; for while it is the same in itself, it is yet for effect, not the same for any two souls, that have ever been. Perhaps this statement may seem novel, but it is not made lightly, nor without the full consent of ecclesiastical history, from the beginning of the book of Genesis to the present age.

Regeneration may be as various, almost, as the subjects of it. And a man may be regenerate without ever having heard of the new birth; and with him the spiritualization of nature may have been simply growth in grace. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And if these words mean anything at all, they imply that man in his spirit is receptive of the Spirit of God, and through organs, susceptibilities, and connections, of which perhaps he himself knows not, and cannot tell anything. The little child knows nothing about it, but he steps and runs by the same law as what the moon moves by, over the earth, and what keeps the earth hanging on the sun. And certainly as to our spirits, also, we must be living more sublimely than we know of, and by connections

reaching out very often, we know not whither. One man may say that it was, along with agonies of prayer, that there was formed in him Christ, the hope of glory ; and another may be confident that his becoming a new man was through angelic agency ; while still another may fancy that it was because of his suddenly bethinking himself of hell. But all these ways, and others innumerable, have one beginning, the Godhead, in which we live and move. It all, at last, means the living God,—the divine, vitalizing power, by which we live and work, and by which we think to live forever, notwithstanding the funereal formalities, which await us.

But there are Doctors of Divinity, calling themselves, in a sectarian way, by very different names, and there are dullards in multitudes, who are their fellow-thinkers ; and they are all of them capable of saying here, with one voice, "But those explanations I do not understand about, and I do not acknowledge their being necessary. Let divinity keep to itself." But really anything which has here been written, is what can be understood by any one, who has the least possible right to dispute anything with anybody, intellectually. "Thou fool!" said St. Paul once ; and would not he probably say the same thing to "some man," to-day. For actually and often, a man will jeer at the notion of the soul's having spiritual relations, because of their being, as he says, what he does not understand ; while yet he is content to live, bodily, by the chemistry of the stomach, without knowing any more about it than does a pig in the straw, or a cow recumbent and ruminating.

But as a last cry from the school of Dr. Middleton, some theological dignitarian may exclaim, "What a mixture of science and religion !" And to that, the answer is very simple, and it is still what Paul might make. "But what a mixture is man himself of spirit and soul and body ! And I pray God as to them all, that you may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

HUMBOLDT COLLEGE.

THERE are three colleges in the West which we, as friends of a liberal culture, ought especially to assist: Antioch College in Ohio, Washington University in Missouri, and Humboldt College in Iowa, seven or eight hundred miles from each of the others. Antioch and Washington are both well established and doing a great work, though the usefulness of each might be greatly extended by additional funds.

Humboldt College is just struggling into existence. It has lands valued at \$60,000. It has an edifice, nearly half built, but needs \$20,000 more to complete it. Two professorships are provided for, and a third nearly so. It is expected that the college will be opened in the course of the present year with a hundred scholars. But just at this time, they are in great need of \$20,000 to complete their building. The college is under the control of men who are to be entirely relied upon, both on account of their unquestionable integrity of character and their practical good sense.

Rev. S. H. Taft, who has had this enterprise at heart for many years, and who is making it the work of his life, seems to us admirably fitted for the office which he has undertaken, uniting the religious faith, without which no such work can succeed, with the steadfastness which never wavers, and the practical judgment which knows how to adapt itself to existing circumstances and wisely adjust means to ends. We earnestly commend him and his work to those who look to the highest good of society in what is to be the heart of this great nation. We have entered into the labors of wise and good men, who often denied themselves the comforts of life that they might secure the blessings of education and of a higher civilization to us who should come after them. As we have received from them, shall we not also give, to extend the influences of a benign Christianity, and of science and literature through the regions where our descendants are much more likely to live than here in New England? "We must educate this people." In those great fertile valleys which lie in the geographical centre of the land, and which are capable of supporting hundreds of millions of people, the best institutions of religion and learning ought now to be established. There is no way in which a little money, wisely invested can do a greater amount of good for future generations.

As Christians, as patriots, as philanthropists, as lovers of good learning and all humanizing and refined influences, we can hardly imagine a grander sphere of influence than is opening to us through these western colleges.

"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM."

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we'll go with thee :
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so ?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost, —
Drear moment of delay !
We cry, "Lord, help the tempest-tossed, —"
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care ;
But comes himself, where'er he hears
The voice of loving prayer.

O happy soul of faith divine !
Thy victory how sure !
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel,
And wipe our tears away ;
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

ANON.

SECRET THINGS, GOD'S: REVEALED DUTIES, OURS.

A SERMON. BY THE LATE REV. S. G. BULFINCH, D.D.*

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law.—DEUT. xxix. 29.

THE great lawgiver of the Hebrews was on the banks of Jordan, near the close of his long guidance of his people through their desert wanderings. He had arrived with them at the fated river, which he must not pass; his destiny being, ere they should cross it, to go through a darker flood to a more glorious Land of Promise. But, before he leaves them, he would enumerate for their use, once more, the blessings they have received, the deliverances they have experienced, the lessons they have been taught, and the warnings with which those lessons have been accompanied. These are given in the Book of Deuteronomy, whether written by him or by another; a succession of addresses partly narrative, partly of precept, and partly of exhortation. To the first class belong the words before us, occurring at the end of a chapter in which he had warned them of the punishment they would incur should they wander from the obedience they owed to the law of God, and forsake his worship for that of idols. The disposition thus to wander arose, in great part, from a spirit of curious speculation. Men fancied to themselves what qualities distinguished the Deity they worshiped, and in order to realize these, represented them under the emblem of some animal or other object, natural or imaginary. Hence, the bull, the emblem of strength, was worshiped in Egypt. Hence, the monster gods of India,—statues with many arms and hands, representing superhuman power. Hence,

* This sermon was preached in the First Parish Church, Cambridge, on Sunday, Sept. 11, the last time Dr. Bulfinch addressed a congregation, and just one month before his decease.

the sun-worship of Persia, the created source of light and heat being first made the emblem, and then the substitute, of the God whose glory he reflects. From the idle speculation that led to such results, the Hebrew lawgiver bids his people turn away, and worship in humble but rational obedience the God of whom he had taught them. "Secret things," he says, "belong unto God :" the nature of his person, the visible attributes of his power, he has not made known ; "but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

Idolatry is not the sin of our age ; but the precept given to them of old time is still applicable, and may be found full of instruction to us. Different as are our habits of thought, we, too, are often inclined to wander from the plain path of the known and the essential, in curious speculation regarding what is unknown and of comparatively little importance.

We do this, sometimes, in regard to religious doctrine, and it is well for us here to heed the precept that was given long since to the chosen people. Not that the investigation of religious doctrine is to be censured. To "search the Scriptures" is a task which our Saviour enjoined upon the men of his time, and for which others, in the times of the apostles, were commended as acting nobly. We are accustomed to congratulate ourselves and name it as a cause of thankfulness to God, that we are not, like many in former ages, debarred from acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures,—that they are before us in our own language, and that the education which enables us to read them is possessed by all ; and, having been thus privileged, we know there is an answering duty and responsibility. So, too, with the Book of Nature, that still grander volume, in which the doctrines of God's existence, his power and justice, his wisdom and his love, are written in characters of celestial light ; it is our duty to read that volume,—to behold how "the heavens declare his glory," and how "the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork." But, alike in our study of the Book of Nature and that of Revelation, a distinction should be made between

what God has clearly revealed, and that which he has dimly indicated, or left to be inferred by allowable yet uncertain conjecture. "Secret things belong unto him," not in the sense that he forbids us reverently to aspire to understand anything in his works or in his word; not in the sense that we need fear discovering anything he designs to conceal; for that would suppose his wisdom and his power to be baffled of their purpose by our weak attempts. No; wherever he hath spoken, we may rightly listen; whatever he hath done, we may lawfully investigate. But after all our listening, after all our investigation, it will remain true as at the first, that some things are shrouded in mystery, while others are clear as the day. And with these two classes before us, we may be tempted, as many others have been, to disregard the plain and feel the fascinating influence of the undiscovered. Then let us recall, for our guidance, the direction of our text. Far more important to us are those things which God has revealed than those which he has hidden. It must be so, to maintain the justice and wisdom of his government. What earthly ruler would require of his subjects obedience to a code of laws which he had carefully hidden from their knowledge? What parent would blame his children for not conforming to his wishes, when he had not made known to them what those wishes were? We may be assured then, that in God's teaching, as in man's, what is clearest is of most importance; and while there is no law forbidding our acquisition of whatever knowledge comes within the grasp of our minds, those treasures of loftiest wisdom, as we deem them, which we may attain by studying the writings of the deepest thinkers, and by our own patient meditation for years together, will not be as practically important as the first plain principles which we learned in the early lessons of a mother's love. Not as practically important, and, strange as it may appear, not as sublime. What discovery of ancient or modern genius, what truth won from the Book of Nature, what mystery developed from the obscurer portions of Scripture, is as grand as that brief sentence, "God is Love?" What creed elaborated by council or synod, as comprehensive as the words, "This is

life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent?"

We find then a source of comfort, if baffled in the attempt to master those difficulties with which the study of the most exalted themes is beset, if,

" Reasoning high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
We find no end, in wandering mazes lost."

We may conclude, then, that what is so hard to understand cannot be among those things that are required of us as means for our salvation. We know not fully the Saviour's place in the universe; we may be comforted by remembering that he himself declared, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father." We do not precisely comprehend *how* he saves mankind; let us find relief in the thought that if he who saves us understands the method, and if we try to act according to his directions, the great work will be accomplished. Mysteries, abstruse and questionable doctrines, all about which men contend, partake of the nature of those secret things that belong unto God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and unto our children forever, that we may *do* all the words of this law."

And, as with respect to doctrines, so is it with regard to doubts. In our age, indeed, doubt seems to have taken the place of doctrine; and instead of being bewildered, as our fathers were, with the subtleties of a faith against which intellect and feeling rose in rebellion, we are tried by a spirit of questioning, which fulfills the duty of "proving all things," but renders it extremely difficult to "hold fast that which is good." The inspiration of prophets and apostles, the trustworthiness of the sacred writers, the miracles of the Saviour, the personal existence of God himself, are all subjected to a process of investigation, withheld by no scruple, and conducted with equal ingenuity and fearlessness. Amid this sea of uncertainty, when sometimes even the anchor of the Christian's faith gives way, what shall guide his course but the fixed, the unchanging, the polar star of practical duty, of unquestionable right?

The name of Frederick Robertson has become familiar to us Unitarians; for though belonging to the Church of England, there was much in his habits of thought and feeling to engage our sympathy, and he, being dead, yet speaketh in such words of rational piety, of deep spiritual insight, and especially of generous consideration for the laboring classes, as have seldom been uttered from a position like his. It was part of his experience to pass through a period of distressing doubt. Studying, with an ardent desire of knowledge, what had been written by the most eminent among the philosophers and skeptics of Germany, he had sounded the depths of unbelief, and had shuddered at their awful gloom before his heart found peace in a calm assurance of the gospel truth. In one of his addresses he speaks of the condition of a mind thus harrassed with doubts, in evident memory of what he himself had gone through. "It is an awful hour," he says, "when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit when everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, or no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he, who, when all is cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed because his night shall pass into clear, bright day."

Yes, we may respond to these noble words, that night shall

pass away. The word which Jesus spoke has been verified times without number, — "If any man will do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be true or whether I speak of myself." Truths are of kindred with each other, and if any one has received and welcomed that which plainly came to him, this will be his guide to the discovery of those that yet hide themselves from his search. Thus it was with that true and brave spirit whose words I have quoted. He describes the peace which he had found at length, in speaking of what had come to others. "I appeal," he says, "to the recollection of any one who has passed through that hour of agony and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but of his own, — a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

Is it not, my friends, with regard to those things which are doubted now, as with those which were doubted in times past, that the subjects of controversy, important as they may be, are secondary in comparison with those respecting which there is no controversy? Philosophy may perplex itself with questions as to the *manner* of the Divine existence, and the method employed in the processes of creation; but the fact of the existence of a Divine Creator hardly any man with claims to sanity has ventured to deny. There are those who question the outward miracles recorded in the history of the Jewish people; but who can dispute the wonder of their whole national course, and of their present existence? Take away, if you please, the fact that God led them for forty years through the wilderness of Arabia; you cannot touch the fact that he has led them for three thousand years through the wilderness of human history, — the one chosen people who have borne witness to the great doctrine that the Lord our God is one Lord. Some, again, tell us that Jesus did not give sight to the blind, heal the leprosy by a word, and raise the dead to life. We will defend the truth we hold in these respects; but we will not feel that even these wondrous works

are of such importance to his glory or to our salvation, as it is that he has opened the eyes blinded by ignorance, healed the leprosy of the soul, and raised to a purer and a nobler life those who were dead in trespasses and sins. Amid the doubts and controversies of our day, if all else seems to us at times uncertain, we can still hold fast to the Fatherhood of God, to the holy character and the exalted teaching of Jesus, to the unalterable laws of duty, to the blessed hope of a life beyond the grave. And if in our heart of hearts we cherish what is thus, at least comparatively, undisputed, we may hope that the God we try to serve will cause yet more of light to break forth for us from his holy word.

To those, then, whose investigations, long pursued, have resulted only in confusion, I would say, leave for a time, at least, the uncertainties of speculation, and turn to the certainties of unquestioned truth, of grateful feeling, and practical obedience. Pause from your high search into the mysteries of the Divine plans, and listen to the voice of the Most High calling you to his service in the opportunities he presents to you. Inspect no longer with fruitless curiosity the credentials of your sacred Guide, but place yourself trustingly under his direction. Look up to him, not with the intellect to analyze the light upon his brow, and determine how far its radiance transcends mortality, but with the affections to recognize its heavenly beauty, and to own him who bears it as the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. Then led by that model of perfected human nature, will you find the way before you cleared from the barriers which doubt had planted there; and, carrying the spirit of Jesus into the actions of your daily life, shall you realize in your consciousness another of his blessed promises: "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."

Thus, too, it is with the many thoughts that press upon us in the hour of bereavement, or when the shadow of the tomb we are approaching lies coldly upon our path. We would fain have an answer to that ancient question, "How are the

dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" and there are other questions, some which like that have been asked in turn by each successive age; others that have but lately found their expression. Shall the spirit sleep until a general resurrection, or shall the moment of each one's departure be the moment of birth into a higher life? Have the spirits of the departed knowledge of what occurs in the world from which they have gone? Can they aid by unknown influences those they have left behind? and is there truth in the accounts of older or of more recent date that they have manifested themselves to men? Does probation utterly cease at death, or is there still trial, responsibility, the possibility of improvement, or the risk of a deeper fall? Shall all at length be happy, or may any fail forever of the great object of their being? If among such thoughts the soul fails to find the rest it seeks; and especially if there be perceived a tendency to dwell upon these thoughts as if they were the great things of God's law; as forms indistinctly seen loom greater through the haze that surrounds them; then let it be remembered that "secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed, unto us;" and among such are the great principles of God's justice and of his mercy, of man's destiny to live again, and of accountability for deeds done in the body.

For these great and unquestionable truths let us give thanks to him who has bestowed the knowledge of them. Let us not like ungrateful children complain that we have not more, but appreciate rather the excellence, the full sufficiency, of what we do possess. It is lawful, indeed, for us to seek more knowledge; but it is impossible for us to attain to all. Whatever insight God might have granted us into those secret things that belong to him, yet, so long as heaven is above earth, we could not know the whole. And it may be that what he has concealed is to add delight by its discovery, whether gradual, or in one full burst of illumination, to our future state; a delight which what we here derive from acquisitions of knowledge can but faintly prefigure. Yes, we shall know as the angels know.

"On all they look on we shall look,
And to our eyes ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to learn."

Here, however, we walk by faith, not by sight ; and let us thank God that he has made all that is most important in the objects of faith so distinct that in regard to them we scarcely miss the evidence of vision.

The principle laid down in the words before us is not, however, to be confined in its application to subjects of religious belief. It is true and valuable in relation to the common conduct of life. Here it points out to us the clear path of duty, and frees us at once from anxiety respecting the future, and from morbid regret for the past. How often, when we ought to be enjoying some interval of rest, whether that of the blessed Sabbath, or some longer time of recreation, do we lose all its pleasure and no small portion of the strength it should have afforded, by suffering our minds to go forward in vain musings to try to read the uncertain future ! We would know whether this attempt shall succeed according to our hopes, whether that shall utterly fail, as we have cause to fear. The prospects and the lives of those dear to us, and our own, present unnumbered themes on which we may be easily led beyond the limits of a prudent care, to brood morbidly over what is utterly beyond our power to ascertain or to control. Let us, in such moments, find at once restraint and comfort in the thought of Him who governs all things mysteriously, indeed, but with perfect wisdom and love. Secret things belong unto him ; the scroll of the future no eye but His can read ; and we know that thus it is best for us, and for all, that it should be. They, who, according to the fancies of less enlightened times, were permitted, by some magic power, to gain an insight into the future, found the wonderful boon partial and deceptive. The shadow of a coming sorrow cast a gloom over their way, and excited them to anxious and unavailing precautions, instead of a calm enjoyment of the present, and the discharge of its duties ; or they saw some tempting prize without perceiving the crime that led to it, or

the misery that would follow; like the Scottish chief, in the tragedy, led by such prophecies to murder his sovereign and benefactor, and usurp his throne; then to find, too late, that he had been serving a fiend, who showed him only enough of truth to lead him on to his own destruction. No, let us not have the bane, if we have not also the antidote; let the future still be hidden from us, if we know it not all; and who could endure to know it all, unless he had superhuman strength to bear the fearful burthen of superhuman knowledge? Let the "secret things" be still in the keeping of Omnipotence, but "the things which are revealed," let us remember, "belong unto us." As far as sound judgment can anticipate what is to come, as far as reasonable precaution can avert the evil, or manly effort bring about the good, so far the future is ours; its control is among the duties of the present. Let us diligently and cheerfully perform it, and leave the event to the disposal of the Almighty.

It is towards the future that anxious care is naturally directed, and yet we find it, in some instances, with reverted glance looking over the path that already has been trod, and with regretful sadness striving to discover not what will be, but what might have been. When we find our plans disappointed, we are apt, in musing over our loss, to think how all might have been changed, if, in some one moment, we had acted differently. Thoughts of this kind often deepen the affliction of the bereaved, as they see, or fancy they see, some deficiency in attention or in skill, on their own part or on that of others, and infer that if that had not been their friend would have been living still. Such reflections have their fitting place, indeed, where there is anything in the past that calls for repentance. When our own wrong conduct has occasioned suffering we ought to recognize the fact, and ought to image to ourselves the different result that might have taken place, in order that we may be deeply sensible of our fault, and guarded against committing it in future. But it is otherwise when our conduct was not wrong, but only unfortunate; our effort for the best being frustrated by causes whose action we could neither anticipate nor control.

In such instances it is mere idle self-torture to imagine how a different course might have led to different results. The results of either course were hidden from us; they were of the number of those "secret things" that belong unto God; and what we had to do with was "those things which were revealed,"—our apparent duty according to the light we had. Still more should we do wrong to censure others for consequences of their conduct which they did not intend and could not foresee. And then, too, we are but incompetent judges in the case. We fancy what might have been in a given instance, had one or another pursued a different course; but our fancy has but slight materials on which to ground its decision. If one particular had been different, that change would have thrown all that followed into uncertainty, and who shall answer for it that no erroneous step would then have brought about the evil from which we fancied we had escaped? No; let us shun the self-torment of dwelling, for no useful purpose, on the past:—

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

No, that is among the secrets that belong to God. Our part is to do our best in circumstances as they are.

To this result, then, do we come; and it is one which bids us be grateful to Him, who has made the path of duty plain before us. "Duties are ours, events are God's." Alike in doctrine and in action, the plainest is the most important. Even when different duties seem to claim our choice, it will, with few exceptions, appear that those are worthy to be preferred which are not the most exceptional and striking to the eye of man, but which are the most common, plain, and obvious. It is not given to all to sustain trusts of prominent importance, to defend imperiled truth with sword, or tongue, or pen, or carry to distant lands the banner of the cross; but it is within the power of all to discharge life's ordinary tasks with steadfast, humble effort, and patiently to bear such forms of trial as thousands have borne before. If, while thus employed, He, to whom secret things belong, should call us

to more exalted duty or to heavier trial, we may trust that He will give us strength according to our need ; and if not, we shall still find, in a grateful and contented spirit, the blessing of Him whom in humility we try to serve.

“ Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

“ The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.”

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed, at dawn, I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal,—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
“ Thanks be to heaven,” in happy mood, I said ;
“ What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all, .
To bid us feel and see ! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes,
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea.
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms ;
And, at prime hour, behold ! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms ! ”

— *Charles Turner.*

THE Jews were right about the matter in dispute between them and the Samaritans. “ Salvation is with the Jews.” But this is never held out to us as any justification of their behavior.— *Arthur Helps.*

REVISION OF OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.*

OF the books called forth by the present agitation for a revision of our English Bible, one of the most attractive for its good looks and for its brevity is Blunt's "Plain Account." But the fair promise of the outside is but poorly kept by the inside. Judging by this book, Mr. Blunt lacks decidedly the higher qualities of the critic and historian. "Proportionate judgment," just regard for the limits of his knowledge, power of organizing facts, penetrative insight into the character of persons and events, historical imagination,—such qualities as these which so highly distinguish Westcott's "History of the English Bible," are wanting in the book before us. Thus in the heroic Tyndale, whom Westcott portrays with such loving power, Mr. Blunt sees little except a man of "unamiable" temper, whose "manner of writing about sacred subjects is often inexpressibly shocking." "Commonplace" is the best substitute we can think of for "plain" in the title of this book. Its chief value lies in its quotations, which are many and interesting, and in the facts which it gives, though even as a compiler Mr. Blunt is wanting in thoroughness.

Mr. Blunt closes his book with an interesting but meagre account of the movement now in progress for revising our Authorized Version. He has little sympathy for this movement, and draws a distinction, and seems inclined to make an opposition, between a "critically correct version" and "a version adapted for spiritual purposes." A moment's thinking, however, will convince any one that no translation can be satisfactory which does not fulfill both of these conditions. A version not critically correct, that is false, may be a good book; but just in proportion as it is incorrect it ceases to be the Bible, and becomes the original work of those who make the version. A true and exact translation is not only a just,

* A plain account of the English Bible. By J. H. Blunt. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1870. Pp. xi. 114.

but a necessary demand on the part of all interested in the Bible, which never will and never ought to cease until, as far as practicable, it is satisfied. For two hundred and fifty years, while Biblical science has greatly advanced, no decided effort has been made until lately to apply its results to our household version. On the other hand, that version is, if we may use the word, a religious institution. By its own inherent virtues it has rooted itself deep in our hearts. It is interwoven with our religion. Any attempt to revise it must be a reformation, not a revolution. Whatever objections there may be to the present attempt at revision, it is certainly the most considerable attempt since 1611. The rules which guide it show a just regard for our venerable version, and the amount of learning associated in it gives us a fair hope of good result. When the work is finished, the great public, which cares more for results than processes, will doubtless give it its just place. If, on the whole, it excel our present version—of which after all it will be merely the revision, as our version was the revision of an older version—we may be sure that it will finally take the place of that version with the public; if not, it will at least be of great use to the clergy and to scholars.

This* is an able discussion of the propriety of revising our authorized version, and sets forth very fairly the *pro* side, besides doing justice, we think, to the other side. It is marked by the scholarship, the humanity, the fair regard for others, the discretion, and the quiet courage which characterize the best men among the liberal Anglicans. It contains incidentally a sketch of the history of our authorized version, and gives tentative specimens of a version revised on the principles advocated by the author, and adopted by the Convocation of Canterbury, whose committee, with associated scholars, are now engaged in the work of revision. Although an occasional work, and especially interesting to those engaged directly or indirectly with the revision, it will be useful

* Considerations on the Revision of the English Version of the New Testament, by C. J. Ellicott, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1870. Pp. ix. 222.

to those interested in the general subject, and to those who wish to know upon what principles the revision at present in progress will probably be conducted.

F. T. WASHBURN.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

A FEELING of personal grief must have been excited in the hearts of the two or three thousand graduates of this time-honored institution of learning by the news of the destruction of the building which had become so endeared and sacred to them. The intelligence must have reminded them vividly of their old associates and teachers, their early studies and hopes, and the influences there begun, which have done so much to make life what it has been to them in all that is richest and best. The students of Exeter Academy have usually a peculiar affection for the place. In the simple and economical habits which have been cherished there, and which are essential to the highest well-being of such an institution, and in the larger liberty and the more generous confidence extended to them, they found there an atmosphere favorable to the best affections and habits of their youth. Many of them look back to it as the birth-place of their minds, where they awoke to the consciousness of intellectual and moral power, and first came into possession of their faculties.

Those who regard it with these feelings will rejoice to do what they can to turn into a blessing the apparent misfortune which has fallen upon it. We are glad to know that the Alumni have taken the matter in hand, and are hoping, with the aid of other friends of good learning, to raise a hundred thousand dollars, so as to rebuild the edifice and add to the permanent fund of the institution. It will be necessary for them to submit to some personal sacrifices in order to make a suitable return for the benefactions which they have received. If every graduate of the institution (for every graduate has been a beneficiary) will view the matter in this light, and make up his mind to give in some proportion, according to the value of what he has received and the amount which he is able to give, this apparent calamity will make a new era in the prosperous and honorable career of Phillips Exeter Academy.

PRAYER.

BY AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

By prayer I mean that communion of the human soul with the Divine Spirit which brings in upon the soul the happy consciousness of the divine presence, the divine help, and the divine guidance. It is a spiritual exercise. It may be expressed in speech, or it may be the silent, meditative contemplation of the perfections of Deity and the reaching up of the soul to union with God. It has different manifestations in different persons. There are some in whom it is of a rapturous character. It would seem as though the soul were seized hold upon, and carried away beyond itself,—rising upon its wings and flying up to the "third heaven." It is filled with light and joy, as though the divine glory and the divine love were shining into and through the depths of its being. There are others, less demonstrative natures, that are more self-contained and more quiet in their devotions. They find their God in the silence of their souls' profoundest life. Rather, they wait to be found of him.

The soul is always opening upward, that it may catch somewhat of the sweet and holy influence of God's love as it descends upon his children. There may be no outward sign of worship. There may be no perceptible interruption of life's familiar duties. Yet the soul may keep undisturbed within itself the image of God, and dwell continually in his presence. And between this silent communion and the demonstrative expression, there are all varieties of devotional exercise, as there are all varieties of personal character and spiritual disposition.

All religions have taken it for granted that man is a being who prays. The desire for prayer is constitutional. It is, so to speak, entwined among the roots of human nature. Nay, it is itself one of those roots. Man must pray, of necessity. His spiritual connections with God are such as to induce him to wish for the divine converse and communion. One may

as well think of the child in its home as not desiring to communicate with its parents, as of man feeling no yearning of the heart to communicate with God.

It is true that this yearning may be suppressed and sometimes overborne. The child may be estranged from the parent and go so far away from home as to have no longing to return thither. So man may be so perverted in his heart by the evil influence of selfishness and sin as to have no wish to see, to know, to converse with God; as even to desire to expel the thought of God from his mind. But both these, I think, are extreme cases. We call the former an unnatural experience. Is not the latter equally so? It is useless to speak of human nature as so vile as never to feel the divine attractions. Whatever isolated instances there may be of this extraordinary distance from Deity, the general rule contemplates an entirely opposite character. We at once call such instances exceptional. It is painfully true, that the great sinners of the race belong as much to humanity as the shining saints—but certainly not more. If, in order to prove the degradation and depravity of human nature, the moralists adduce the deep iniquities into which man has fallen, we have an equal right to adduce the high excellence to which man has, in some cases, attained, to show that human nature is capable of approaching nearly to the divine life. Man can go down to the mouth of the pit. Yes: but he can also ascend to the gates of heaven. And we are glad to believe that, however deeply he descends, the divine love does not wholly let him go, but still seeks after him, that it may persuade him back. By this very act it calls him to prayer.

The nature and modes of prayer would be variously determined, according to the different grades of spiritual culture. There is a long interval between the offering which the Pagan makes to his idol and the prayer with which the enlightened Christian communes with the Father of spirits. In this are all the kinds of worship—formal and otherwise—which express the devotional feelings of the worshiper. But may we not say that the spirit is the same, more or less purely manifested in all. The Pagan may bow the head before his idol, the

Parsee prostrate himself before the sun, the Mohammedan turn towards Mecca, the Hebrew towards Jerusalem, the Christian kneel in the presence of an invisible Deity. But in each and all is the act of prayer. It may be in the spirit of fear, of submission, of adoration, or of love. But in whatever way it may have been expressed, if made sincerely, it is a genuine spiritual manifestation. And we may well believe that the infinite Deity, regarding, indeed, with pity the benighted worshiper, doth yet accept the worship.

Not always will the Pagan bow down to wood and stone. For God makes provision for an advance in spiritual knowledge and spiritual appreciation. It is not many centuries since our ancestors on the British moors, or in German forests, engaged in rites from which we should turn away with horror. Humanity outgrows its early superstitions, but it never outgrows its needs. The same necessity exists now as pressed upon the childhood of the race,—the necessity of communion with the Divine Father. The spirit is purer and higher, but the attraction and the impulse are the same. Believing, as I do, that the simplest methods are best, I still can charitably view the elaborate forms of a more ceremonial religion; because I look behind the form to that which it is intended to express, and endeavor to discern the spirit which there lies hid. If, however, the spirit has died out, and there be merely a form, it is an abomination. But who shall judge his neighbor in this matter? To his own conscience every man must stand or fall, and before the eye of God we all come into judgment.

Christ himself, we know, favored the simplest possible expression of devotion. To one who looked up to the supreme Deity as a son to a father, communion with his heavenly Parent was necessarily free and unreserved. It was as natural as the conversation which takes place daily in any one of our homes. Who would wish to have his children address him in a constrained and formal way, as though there were a great distance between him and them? What parent would have his children regard him with fear, as though they must in some measure propitiate the parental favor? There are, indeed,

some fathers whose presence in the household is not pleasing or welcome to their children. There is a certain shrinking or dread, a subsidence of spirits, a falling into silence, a sudden darkening of the sky of home, as when a cloud passes over the face of the sun. There are others whose coming is the signal for a new uprising of life, a fresh outpouring of affection, a fullness of joy. The home is filled with light, as when the sunshine streams into a room with its blessed warmth and beauty. The children cling to them and lean upon them, and show their trust in a thousand nameless ways. It is as though, when this strong, cheerful, and loving presence was in the house, there was no more cause for sadness, care, or fear. Now in some such way as this, but with a higher and fuller life, the presence of God was full of strength and joy to Christ. And so it would be to ourselves, if we rightly comprehended and appreciated the relation which we have as children to the Almighty Father. As, also, the intercourse of children with a father is of the simplest and most trustful kind, so was the communion between Christ and God; and so would be our communion with our heavenly Parent, if our spiritual nature had been properly cultivated; and so will it be when we reach the heavenly state.

It seems almost needless now to say that the Lord's Prayer is the simplest and most comprehensive form which has ever been delivered to mankind. It expresses every thing: our sonship to God; the reverence due to him whom we worship; the hope of the triumph of the divine truth, and the coming in of the unspeakable blessings of the undisputed divine government of mankind; the submission and trust, the obedience and fidelity which belong to the doing of the divine will; the need of being fed with that bread from on high, of which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger; the sense of penitence, the desire for forgiveness, even as one wishes to be forgiven and would forgive; the consciousness of weakness in the presence of temptation and evil, and the sublime confidence in the all-sufficient help of God! What more can we ask in prayer? What more would we express? Jesus also recognized the need of the soul for per-

sonal communion. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret." When he desired to enjoy the truest communion with God, he went away into the solitude of a mountain, or some secluded place apart by himself, to pray. Why was this? It was because, as it seems to me, Christ would impress upon his disciples the fact that, in the deepest spiritual exercise, there can be present only the two souls that are intimately bound together in this confidential communion. A multitude would be distraction. Even a third person would be an interruption.

This is the great objection to public prayer, that there must always be the consciousness of the presence of others to disturb the freedom with which the individual soul communes with itself and God. There is the temptation to make the prayer an exhibition of one's self—to be seen of men. The great advantage of public prayer is in the spiritual sympathy which it engenders, and the community of feeling and purpose in which all in the congregation, with one heart and voice, raise their praises and supplications to the universal Father.

There are some persons who desire an elaborate ceremonial worship, like that of the Romish Church, a greater richness and fullness of form than the plain and unadorned language of the soul, which feels its need and cries out unto God for supply. I think that it is a departure from the simplicity which was in Christ and his church of the early times, and in the gospel that has come down to us. There was but little form in the action of the publican who smote upon his breast, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" But whether there be form or not,—and this is a matter which each one must decide in his or her own conscience and according to one's own spiritual aptitudes,—the great requisite is, that we should all observe the rule of Christ and remember his words: "The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. For the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and

in truth." There is no question that even in the culture of the Roman church — with its pageantry of prayer, which, to our plain eyes, seems to foster spiritual pride and vain glory — there have been many humble and saintly souls, that have approached very near to God, and found God very near to them. The Spirit has many voices and many modes of manifestation. It only suffices that it be the Spirit that speaks and shows itself to man!

There are some persons who object to all prayer, formal or otherwise. In their view, the Supreme God does not need the thanksgiving, the praises or the worship of men, obscure and insignificant creatures as they are. Nor would his will or purpose be turned by any petition which they might raise. Moreover, his infinite wisdom already knows and has provided for the wants of his children, and it is superfluous for them to make any expression of their indigence or necessity. Did not Christ himself say, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him"? Why then pray at all? Besides, man is so limited in his knowledge of the true nature of his life, and even of his own wants, as to be in great danger of asking for many things which he does not really need, and the possession of which would be an injury. The good which he ought to have, he knows not of. The specious ill, which he desires, blinds and deceives him with its glare and glitter. So he knows not what to pray for as he ought. Moreover, is it not the essence of trust to confide entirely in the judgment of one's friend and benefactor, believing that he will always do what is for one's best good? Is it not the essence of our trust in God, to be entirely content with the designs and decrees of his providence, and to feel that his ways are always the best for us? Why, then, not yield implicitly to the provisions which he has made for our welfare? In this view prayer seems useless, — an expenditure of feeling which has no practical or beneficial results.

To this I make reply, that, although it may be true that the praise of his creatures may not be absolutely needed by the Creator, yet there is no question that it is acceptable. He has implanted within us the desire and the impulse to

praise his name, and these must have their opportunity of exercise. God does not need that the flowers should blossom, or the trees clothe themselves in their garniture of green, or the birds should sing in the morning and the evening, or the sun and stars should fill the world with their glory. Yet all these find a voice to speak forth the praise of Him who gave them life. The Psalmist was not extravagant when he expressed the wish, "Let the heaven and the earth praise Him, the seas and everything that moveth therein." God does not need that we should express our gratitude for the blessings that have come to us from his infinite love. But when our hearts are touched by the sense of his goodness to us, how can we keep back the utterance of our thanksgiving? To a devout and grateful heart the praise of God is as much a necessity as the singing of the birds or the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. It may, also, be true, that if our prayers were composed entirely of petitions they might seem needless. For God gives unto us all needful things without our asking. But perpetually to ask of God, as a querulous or acquisitive child asks of its parent, is not to pray. A selfish importunity is not prayer. Prayer, in the instance of petition, is the expression of the conscious need of divine help and love. It is the recognition of our own weakness,—our own inability to supply the want which oppresses us. It is the confession of our hearts that they do not, in themselves, suffice for the attainment of life's greatest good, and that they must seek in God, where alone it can be found, their chief supply. This recognition of need, this confession of weakness, is made to ourselves as well as unto God, and we are impelled by it to go out of ourselves that we may obtain the strength and support that we require. It is true, also, that prayer cannot turn the Deity from his purpose, or change the decrees of his will. But it will have the effect of making ourselves better acquainted with the divine purpose, and more ready to come into accord with the divine will. By this reverent communion we shall come nearer to the divine love, that we may know more of its workings and feel more of its influence. Then, too, it must be borne in mind that

our best blessing in life is not so much in finding God, as of being found of him,—our souls coming into such a frame of spiritual life as to contain within them and to reflect from their depths the divine image. When the sunlight strikes upon the prepared plate of metal or glass, the perfect image is photographed thereon. So when the divine love falls upon the sensitive soul, the Divine Being seems to impress himself upon it in lines of lasting beauty. And it is prayer that thus prepares the soul for the reception of the divine life and light!

It may not be a divine need, but it is certainly a human need, to pray. Here is the reason why we should pray, and here also is the efficacy of the exercise. It is a chief means of training the soul to a comprehension of its relationship to God, and an appreciation of the divine nearness to it. It may not be that in praying for temporal blessings we always receive them. Even spiritual blessings are sometimes withheld. The heavens are not opened to send down rain upon the thirsty earth because we pray for it. The rain would come whether we prayed or not. Sickness and death are not necessarily averted because we pray for such relief. Did not Christ pray, with agonized spirit, that the cup might pass from him? Yet the bitter draught was not taken from his lips. Do we not sometimes pray that a beloved friend, who is nigh unto death, may be spared to us? Yet is the friend taken, notwithstanding our earnest beseeching. How fervidly have shipwrecked men and women prayed for deliverance, yet found it not! What cries for help have been put up by souls in mortal peril, yet without receiving the aid they desired in the way they looked for it! What efficacy, then, in prayer? In such cases the efficacy lies in the increased strength which the soul receives to bear the ordainings of the divine will; in the deeper trust into which the soul enters, as it confides more completely in the dispositions which the divine providence has made for it. This strength and trust do certainly come in answer to prayer. They came to Christ, and his word was: "Thy will, Father, not mine, be done!" They come to every one who prays. The soul grows strong in prayer,

for the divine strength enters into it. Though we may not receive what we have asked for, we are taught that it is better for us not to receive it. We are convinced that there is some good reason why it does not come. We trust more in the divine judgment, and to that we submit our own.

One can easily perceive in what spirit different persons bear disappointments and troubles. Some are hard and unforgiving, full of murmuring and complaint, as though some special injustice had been done to them. Others are calm, serene, enduring with sweet composure the ills that spring up in their path, or befall them on the way. How hard some men fight their troubles through! With what a bitter spirit they meet the difficulties that arise before them! How buoyantly do others carry themselves amid the trying circumstances of their lives! The secret of the difference lies in the fact that those on whom trouble sits so lightly are accustomed to open their souls, to let the divine help come in; while those on whom the conflict presses so severely brood over the hardness of their lot, and cherish a spirit of discontent, and even of rebellion, against the divine will.

If, therefore, we would live calmly and at peace both with ourselves and God, we must learn to pray. If we would be lifted above the petty meannesses and strifes of this earthly life, which vex and try us, we must enter into communion with the lofty souls that live above the world,—most of all, with Him in whom is everlasting peace, and strength, and rest! If we would live nobly, justly, truly, we must seek our inspiration and impulse in the infinite nobleness, justice, truth, that are in the life of God!

The relation of prayer to duty is a point which deserves a special consideration. Hooker says that "Prayer is the potent inner supplement of noble outward life." Prayer has its relations to the practical duties of life, and these are close and intimate. For the spirit of prayer, going up to the Father, descends again with consecrating power upon all the familiar scenes of life. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things, both great and small." Certainly, if he love, he will work well and faithfully in the direction of his love. The

spirit of his devotion is like the evening dew, which rises invisibly from the earth, only to fall again on bud and leaf and flower, for their refreshing, and when the morning comes, to sparkle over all the fields in the glad sunlight. So doth prayer refresh and brighten all the humble walks and labors of our lives. And again, the spirit of prayer is a consecration of our daily, active life, particularly as regards our intercourse with one another. For we pray not for ourselves alone — we pray for others. And certainly we cannot pray for others without being more kindly disposed towards them. If they become the object of our supplications, and if for them our praises and thanksgiving are raised on high, we certainly are the better prepared to be faithful in our duties toward them, and toward them we can only cherish a spirit of good will. We certainly can have no strife with those for whom we pray. When, therefore, Jesus tells his disciples to pray for them that despitefully use them and persecute them, he is pronouncing a precept of the utmost practical value. It is the spirit of that dominion over which he is Prince of Peace! We must also remember that we are ignorant of many of those laws by which the spiritual forces of our life are set in motion. It is possible that our prayers for others may convey to them blessings of which neither they nor we can know the source. Who shall say that a mother's or a father's prayers may not save a child from danger or destruction? We do not always know how or by whom we are influenced, or how we influence others. But we may well believe that the love and trust which are in our hearts, and which thus breathe themselves forth, will go with blessing to many lives around us.

The Apostle Paul declares that we should "pray without ceasing." That is, we should cherish the spirit of prayer,—the acknowledgment, the recognition, the consciousness of the divine presence with us, everywhere and at all times. There may be no formal, outward expression, but the spirit in the heart shall bring down a blessing upon the life. Therefore, should we carry this spirit into all our familiar life, into the hour of our success and joy, when the great prizes of life have fallen into our hands, when the precious gifts of recip-

rocal affection and parental love have been bestowed upon us, when our being is filled with light and our path strewn with flowers, that we may be kept from pride and selfish forgetfulness of God! We need it in the hour when difficulties and disappointments rise before us; when temptations assail us and we feel inclined to yield; when duties press and we are moved to swerve from the right way; when sorrows come, and life seems dark; when friends fail and betray and foes are active; when troubles of any kind afflict the soul! Yes, and there comes an hour of loneliness and solitude, when the journey which we all have to make is to be made from this life to the next. In that hour there will be no support like that rod and staff which the good shepherd, the Almighty Father, holds beneath the expiring soul.

“Refresh us, Lord, to hold it fast:
And when thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace!”

A FEBRUARY SUNSET.

ONE of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever beheld occurred here several years since, towards the last of February. At such times, a warmer sun than usual draws from the yielding snow a mild mist, which softens the dark hills, and, rising to the sky, lies there in long, light, cloudy folds. The choicest tints of the heavens are seen at such moments; tender shades of rose, lilac, and warm gold, opening to show beyond a sky filled with delicate green light. These calm sunsets are much less fleeting than others; from the moment when the clouds flush into color at the approach of the sun, one may watch them, perhaps for more than an hour, growing brighter and warmer as he passes slowly on his way through their midst, still varying, in ever-changing beauty, while he sinks slowly to rest, and at last, long after he has dropped beyond the farther hills, fading sweetly and imperceptibly, as the shadows of night gather upon the snow.—*Rural Hours.*

A FIRST DAY IN ROME.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

I PROMISED to-night to introduce you to that most affecting and suggestive of all the specimens of *Old Jewry* the earth contains,—the Ghetto,—but I must break or rather stretch my elastic promise, and keep you one more evening outside those venerable precincts; for the ground we went over in the former lecture awoke recollections, as I trod it again in fancy, which I feel that you may experience some faint degree of the pleasure in hearing that I take in expressing them.

And so, for another evening, we are at large in old Rome; we have still the freedom of the Eternal City.

Three, I may say four, great disappointments fell to my lot and would have dampened my pleasure (if anything could sensibly diminish such an infinite pleasure), in visiting Italy: first and least, in not seeing Genoa; second, in not seeing Venice, which the great war prevented my doing; third, in not seeing the Colosseum by moonlight: to leave Italy and not have seen that, is like leaving America without having seen Niagara; and yet I have to confess that the only moonlight in which I have ever seen the Colosseum is the moonlight of *memory*,—I may refer again to this,—and the remaining disappointment was in not entering Rome by daylight. From childhood the only possible, or, at least, the only proper approach to the Eternal City had seemed to me the way in which the novels all conduct you thither. As thus:

The shades of evening were slowly falling, the sun had already sunk below the horizon, when, just as we climbed the brow of an eminence, an object that flashed far and wide his farewell splendors caught our attention, and with one general outcry of presentiment we almost anticipated the *vetturino*, who rose from his seat, waved his cap, and cried, “Ecco Roma!” for the object we had seen was no other than the dome of St. Peter’s.

This, I think, is about the style in which the old stories used to bring us along, and I had always dreamed that if

ever such a wild idea as that of visiting Rome should be realized in my experience, *that*, of course, would be the manner of my approach to the mistress of the earth. But this would have involved the crossing of the Alps in mid-winter, with a day's journey in a diligence over the summit (in the then uncompleted state of the railroad), and, as a slight compensation for the disturbance of that youthful vision, there was the passage across the Mediterranean,—the tideless, treacherous Mediterranean,—which this time was as calm and kindly as a summer lake, and charmed the vision with its mountainous shores, dotted with nestling villages, and its blue bays running far inland, and the graceful green islands reposing on its bosom, and the snowy peaks looking over from their clear distance upon the scene of silent beauty.

Even if it had been daylight when we reached Rome, our mode of approach would have been a sufficiently serious shock to my childhood's visions. Imagine a conductor standing on the platform, waving his cap, and crying, "Behold Rome!"—add to this the wet blanket of a dark, rainy night, and the damper upon our lovely vision is complete.

And so I cannot say how it might have been with the first *exterior* view of the august old city, as one swept across the Campagna all round along the southern and eastern walks to the Station on the Esquiline near the Baths of Dioclesian and the Pretorian Camp. But I suppose the first *interior* glance at the city, as one enters its narrow streets, and thinks, "This is the Rome I have life-long been yearning to see and to feel," is a sense of disappointment. The dingy, decayed and dilapidated look of the modern Rome in which he finds himself, the sombre and dismal fronts of the frescoed palaces and ugly churches that shut in and darken the Corso, form a sad contrast to the idea of majestic Rome which had prepossessed his mind; and, if it is at night that he takes his round, the echo of common voices seems to dissipate and mock the romance imagination had woven.

The truth is, with Rome in general, as with St. Peter's in particular, the mind has gradually to grow up to a sense of the real majesty and interest of the scene, which at first

disappoints, because it confuses. "I can't see for the life of me, what brings so many people to Rome," said a Western fellow-countryman to me innocently, as we walked out together on the evening of our arrival. The truth is, one has yet seen nothing of ancient Rome as he threads those close and gloomy streets of the mediæval and modern city which crowds the plain along the Tiber that was once the Campus Martius. One needs time to let his imagination remake the ancient Rome out of the remains of its original grandeur and glory that lie around on the seven hills and on the vast Campagna, or peep out from the ground, in the cellars of modern edifices, or crop out (in geological phrase) in successive layers of history, or show through a thin disguise of stucco the outlines of their old grandeur and grace, as the front of the modern Dogana, or custom-house, half hides and half discloses the majestic colonnade of the ancient temple of Neptune.

Besides, one must lie down to rest and rise again, some days and nights, and wander round the mighty city, and look upon its giant form, from one and another of the many surrounding hills, and breathe the air and behold the lovely sky that bathes and the gracefully undulating horizon that bounds it, and so, by degrees, come to realize that he is in Rome, or upon it, and that the spell of Roman nature, art, and power is upon him. "Heroes have trod this spot; 'tis on their dust ye tread." We may, without irreverence, apply here a saying of the gospel: it is as if a man should sleep and rise night and day, and the love for Rome should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

But that question of my Western fellow-traveler, "What is it that draws such crowds so many thousands of miles over land and sea to Rome," occurred to me before I had been in the place many days, as not so very unreasonable, after all. And it must be confessed that, after allowing for the invalids, the scholars, the devotees, and the antiquarians,—those who go in search of health, those who are eager to be near the historical fountains, Papal, Pagan, or Christian,—there are multitudes who flock thither for fashion and for pleasure, whose jaded desires seek a *new sensation*, even in the

oldest places ; who, in a figure, play dice and sharpen their appetites on the tombstones of that graveyard of nations. When they would fain flee from themselves, too, "then longen folk," as old Chaucer says, "to gon on pilgrimages," — not in the spring of hope, only, but also in the winter of their discontent. But too often, they find, I doubt not, the truth of what Horace says: "Their sky, but not their spirit they change, who run across the sea." And as to those who repair to the city named of St. Peter for a confirmation or renewal of their Christianity, I fear many a one has had a more unhappy experience than the honest and earnest Luther ; namely, that expressed by an Italian proverb, —

"Qui Roma vede
Perde la fede," *

Which we may English freely : —

"Who goes for faith to Rome
Comes faithless home."

That is, of course, unless he is either a life-bound enthusiast or a philosophic freeman in Christ ; in the one case he is proof against reason or ridicule ; in the other he ascends to a fountain whose waters no stain of earthly ambition or passion can touch.

But I can well conceive of any one's being drawn to Rome not merely by the scholarly, or the classic, or the Catholic, or the Christian motive, but simply by the human interest, the *human Catholic* spirit, in which spirit whoso sojourns in Rome and meditates there will find, I think, on the whole, as much, at least, in the memories of Pagan as in those of Papal Rome to verify his ideal, and will come to the conclusion that the *Romish* religion has adopted from the *Roman* too many of its vices and too few of its virtues.

But my simple object for the present, and as a preparation for future remarks and reflections, was to present things in a way that should make you feel yourselves somewhat at home with me in the old city we are studying or contemplating.

* Contrast the couplet of some old scholar : —

"Quid ni Roma vides ?
Ibi vera fides."

It is a faint impression of the fact to call it a *peculiar sensation* one experiences the first morning he wakes in Rome, with Roman birds and bells together singing their matins round the chamber door, through the cracks of which a Roman sun is blazing, and a Roman breeze,—

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,”

insinuating itself. It is a very peculiar sensation he feels as he sits down to his *collazione* (as the modern Romans call breakfast), and wonders whether *one* alone can partake of a *collation*, and only justifies the word in his case by sharing his meat with some of Pliny's doves congregated on the tiled and grass-grown roof of the old church, his near neighbor across the narrow lane, *Jesu è Maria*.

When he has drunk in the strange spectacle of the tiled roofs and bell-towers and domes and singularly lovely hills of the city, all sparkling in the pure beauty of an Italian sunlight, he goes down the hundred or more stone stairs to begin his day's walk; and probably the four things that will press into the front-ground to strike his attention at this early moment of his residence, before he has had time to begin to take in the grand contour of this strange composite old city, and the relations of its different elements — modern, antique, and ancient, — will be, first, the bells; second, the beggars; third, the street procession of friars, nuns and scholars; and finally the entertaining and enchanting spectacle of evening, the gaieties of the people, and the glories of nature on the Pincian Hill.

Cowper's “Alexander Selkirk,” who pined so for “the sound of the church-going bell,” could he suddenly have been transplanted to Rome, if his ecstacy had let him live long enough in that sea of music, might at last have longed for a little of the blessed silence of his solitary island. It is, indeed, an unwonted delight to a stranger who chances to have his chamber perched up on some high roof, to wake up in mid-winter in a flood of bird and bell music. “How they seemed to fill the air and sky with their sweet jargoning!” But after that, perhaps he would be contented not to hear them again

till they steal upon his ear in the evening chimes heard on the Pincian. They strike an American at first as if they were ringing-in a constant Fourth of July—but it is not *independence* they proclaim to the inhabitants, yet! The visitation of bell-strokes in Rome may be faintly conceived, when you are told that, as the clocks strike the quarters and repeat the hour after each, a single clock, from eleven to twelve inclusive, sends out no less than seventy of its heavy tones. What must the mere clock-striking be from all the bells through all the hours? Then think of the daily services and the Festas! (Only on Good Friday no bell rings and no clock strikes all day long.) If I could have had a *bell-grammar* to have understood the language going on overhead there, and the meaning of the different rates of speed and emphatic pauses and successive grouping of the tones at matins or noons or vespers, it would have been some relief. I often thought of an expression of that Turkish historian, in his exultation over the capture of Constantinople from the Christians: "We have taken the city, and put an end forever to the ringing of bells."

But we have gone down into the thronged thoroughfare.

And the first practical lesson the stranger will learn, very likely, is, that; if he would retain any peace of mind, he must as soon as possible divest his countenance of two sentiments, *curiosity and benevolence*. The former will bring upon him the coachman and cicerone; the latter will open the masked batteries of all the beggars.

Rome is the paradise of beggars; but beggars are one of the pests of Rome. Charles Lamb, who so quaintly mourns over "The decay of beggars in the metropolis," should have been transported to Rome for a little while. He would have had a good chance to try his own advice: "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the *seven small children* in whose name he implores thy assistance have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny. It is good to be-

lieve him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleaseth) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell, whether they are feigned or not."

But the habit of begging has become so inveterate and infectious in the Roman population, that it often seemed to me as if many a man were suddenly seized with the thought of playing the beggar by the irresistibly inviting opportunity of seeing some benevolent stranger pass him. I prepared myself to have any respectably dressed person thrust out his hand for an alms, as, one day, a venerable Roman matron did, who was walking slowly across the Forum, apparently intent on her knitting-work, and who startled me as I passed her by spasmodically and silently holding out her hand with the genuine beggar's attitude. I learned after some time that the true way was to shake your fore-finger at them three times, which is as much as to say, "Silver and gold have I none,—I have only my blessing to give you,—in the name of the blessed Virgin go in peace." Certainly Rome is a hard place to obey literally the precept, "Give to him that asketh of thee."

Perhaps the most exhaustive description of the Roman beggar is given by the Roman Catholic author of the French work called "The Three Romes." "The monotonous litany of indigence common with beggars of other nations ("Give me change") the Roman mendicant varies with a collection of formulas adapted to the age, condition, face and disposition of the person he addresses. Now, he begins by putting beyond question your generosity, and, before knowing whether you will respond to his wishes, he calls you *benefattore mio*; again, he begins by rendering homage to your virtues, and makes his *debut* [this is from the French, remember] by calling you *anima benedetta*; another time he seeks to touch the delicate fibre of your self-love and lavishes upon you the titles of *Seigneur illustrissime, reverendissime*. Has he already

experienced your kindness? His request takes the form of a benediction. He says to you, "Blessed be the noble Seigneur, who every day walks with a lighter step through the renowned streets of the city. My devout prayers have, then, proved useful to this incomparable gentleman. How feebly and with what languor he passed by me the first time! Should I not be self-reproached, if the joy I testify for his health had for its only object to obtain a present? No, worthy man, virtuous gentleman, pass on without regarding the poorest of your servants, who, nevertheless, will always pray for you; although I am a beggar, I am not sordid."

After having attacked you on the side of the humane sentiments, he appeals to your Christian heart: "Blessed soul," he says, "have a prayer said for you, a mass sung in your behalf,"— and for that what does he ask? The Italian language comes to his aid, and supplies his modesty with the most charming diminutives; or at least he dares not name the favor he implores: "Blessed soul, *una piccola moneta*," or if he ventures to express his thoughts, he will ask, not like our bold ones, a petty sou, but only the half of that minute coin: "*anima benedetta, un mezzo baioccho*;" then, with an admirable rhetoric he contrasts with the slenderness of his demand the magnitude of his motives. "*Per l'amor di Dio, di Maria Santissima, di Gesu sacramentato, delle anime del purgatorio!*" But what gives you the *coup de grace* is the poetic pantomime with which he accompanies his prayer. May I be permitted to say it? [How French this is!] Many a time we affected to remain unmoved by the importunity, in order to assist in the complete repetition of the scene.

Noonday has come, and possibly at that hour the stranger may have fortunately found his way through the somewhat squalid and squeezed up surroundings of the sacred spot, into what he will be likely to feel is the very heart of old Rome. He is in the Pantheon! And what a step he has taken, out of that jam and jabber of market life into the silence of this august scene! Standing on that venerable marble pavement (that has been so often washed by the overflowing Tiber), and looking up one hundred and fifty feet into

the great socket through which the blue eye of day looks down upon the floor, as it has so many centuries, he feels that the magic circle of the mighty past indeed holds him.

As the day wanes, the stranger begins to meet those singular processions of the different orders of friars and sisters, and schools of different nations, in uniform of manifold costliness, cut, and color, streaming forth to breathe the air which, Heaven knows, they need so much, and incidentally (one could hardly help thinking), for the purpose of impressively displaying Rome's spiritual power, somewhat as in Paris the French Emperor, I noticed, kept bodies of troops constantly on the move, to and fro from their different quarters, to produce apparently a wholesome awe in the public mind.

At one corner you encounter a troop of bareheaded and barefooted friars in their coarse serge, so many of them with faces from which the juice of humanity seems to have been wrung out; at another turn a company of Propaganda scholars, with their long strings flying behind them that seem as if meant for mother church to draw them back by if they wandered; or, again, a stiff row of English school-boys, all in tight black from head to foot, ranged according to size, the little ones looking strangely enough in their black beavers, cloaks, and boots; and then the sight would be relieved by a group of abbés, with faces sweet, intelligent, and refined.

But now the sun admonishes us to follow the multitude; not to do evil, but to see the evening gaieties and glories of Monte Pincio. For this is the hour when all the world throng thither. Most will ascend by the gentle slope the carriages take, which passes the inscription in Latin at the foot of a statue, —

“Thou who, worn with study or with business,
Wouldst not sink beneath excessive labor,
Hither come, and in perambulation
Recreate thy mind, or with the prospect
Opening wide out o'er the queenly city —
Such the counsel of thy friend Hygea !”

Some, however, will climb at once the one hundred and fifty steps of the Spanish stairway to the place of Trinita di

Monte and the level of the Pincian Promenade. And one who goes up this way may not improbably meet two remarkable persons. The first will be the irrepressible beggar, and this time the king of the beggars, the millionaire of the mendicants, the world-renowned Beppo. I had been reading a not flattering account of this veteran in Andersen's "Improvisatore," — as you may read a faithful one in Story's "Roba di Roma," — and I was on the lookout for him; but I had passed without discovering him, as he sat in the angle of the stairway, when I heard behind and below the strange clatter of those *hand-shoes* (the name the Germans give to gloves was more appropriate here), and there was the legless old gray-beard shuffling out to attract my attention. To make sure of his identity I said to another beggar, one of the common rank and file, "Is that Beppo?" — "Si, Signor," he answered; and then, instead of saying, as one might have expected, "*He* needs nothing in comparison with us poor devils!" the chivalrous fellow added in a plaintive tone, "*Povero!*" (poor fellow!) — a striking instance of native politeness and spasmodic or dramatic disinterestedness, or else (not unlikely) a proof of the awe in which they hold the monarch; for this *poor fellow* has amassed a fortune, and actually lends money to poor artists!

The other distinguished personage we might meet on the Pincian walk (I did) is the Pope, on foot; for he is allowed that liberty in the country, though in the city neither the head nor a member of the sacred college is permitted to walk across the street. On the occasion I refer to, the old man was walking in front of his carriage, looking as happy as an uncaged bird; but in St. Peter's, when he is borne in state on men's shoulders, swaying about like a great doll or idol over the sea of heads, he looks sea-sick and very miserable.

But we have passed the singular cortege of people almost literally running on their knees to catch the Holy Father's blessing, and we are at the palm-tree of the Medicean Garden, whose great leaves, unable to change the habit of slow and graceful motion they had in their native Orient, vainly try to keep time to the lively airs of the French band. As

we wind along the grounds, the marble faces of poets and philosophers, orators and statesmen, salute us. We look off westward and St. Peter's, seated upon its Vatican village, seems only a stone's throw across; and the sentinel pines and cypresses on the graceful hills over against the horizon are outlined in sweet and tender majesty on the evening glow. The sun sinks, and the whole Italian throng takes that as a signal of departure (sunset being regarded as an unhealthy hour), but a few linger, who would fain nourish their soul's life with one of the rarest spectacles of natural beauty and historic interest. Perchance some pilgrim at this hour will walk to the northeast corner of the grounds, and there an old piece of leaning brick wall, that looks every moment as if it must topple over, will call up the image of one more beggar, a blind beggar, whom history has, alas! removed (but romance retains him for us),—I mean old Belisarius. Could we have turned over to the shadow-land of fiction the beggars of to-day, and kept for us instead that one old beggar of immortal memory! But what has this beggar to do with the *muro torto* (the twisted wall)? This piece of wall, then, it seems was just in that dangerous-looking state in the sixth century, and Gen. Belisarius wanted to shore it up; but the government said, No, that would be an insult to St. Peter, who was pledged to its perpetual preservation. And that venerable bit of brick wall is still standing,—that is one fact; and the historical existence of Belisarius is another; but the blind beggar Belisarius must be surrendered as a fiction. Still, in Rome—and where, if not there, should *romance* be allowed a refuge?—I was as yet an ignorant victim of the legend, and my obstinate faith will continue to see that aged form seated by the city gate and imploring, “Give an obolus to Belisarius!” As dusk brought on the ghostly hour, I turned away from the *muro torto*, with an awakened desire some day to follow round those old walls, and try to form some conception of the dimensions and distribution of the chaotic city.

As I turn to take my farewell look at the darkling mass of palaces, churches, domes, towers, and spires, suddenly “a soft

and soul-like sound" undulates in a mysterious manner through all the air. You know not which way to turn in quest of its source. It seems to come not so much out of the realm of space, as out of the realm of spirit. If architecture is, as it has been called, *frozen music*, one might fancy this strange melody to be the stones of old Rome melting into music beneath the touch of time, and in the evening's glow. It was the Ave Maria booming from St. Peter's.

THE MESSENGER.

ONCE suddenly to me there came
The Thing that men with terror name ;
And as I lay with shortening breath
I saw, and knew, the face of Death.

Oh ! solemn, sweet, the smile he wore,
As if a gleam from heaven it bore ;
And tenderly to me there stole
The message strange, "God calls thy soul."

Then stirred my soul to quit this clay ;
But lo ! not yet — my Lord said "Stay ;"
And from my couch receding slow
I saw, half grieved, the angel go.

But as Life's clouds between us drew,
That radiant smile still glimmered through,
And touched the earth with mystic light,
And turned my doubting faith to sight.

Then thronged the shining forms of sin,
Seeking mine earth-born soul to win ;
But afar off with waiting feet
Stood the death-angel, calm and sweet.

Oh soul ! yield not ! thy Father's strength
Shall bid the tempters flee at length ;
And God's own Messenger of peace,
Shall, smiling, bring thee glad release.

L. J. H.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN.

BY H. A. MILES, D.D.

WE propose to give a general view of this book, omitting all critical minutiae, and suggesting that broad interpretation which some of the best modern scholars defend.

They tell us that it was a belief of the Jews that every great transaction which takes place in this lower world was first symbolically represented before the inhabitants of heaven. The omnipotent Father, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, saw the scenes of earth pass before their eyes ere those scenes were known among men ; and this dramatic representation of coming events, it was supposed, formed a chief part of the employment of the spiritual world. They believed, further, that even mortal eyes could at times have a glimpse of those signs and symbols which foreshadowed the events of earth. To the prophet or poet was such a vision sometimes vouchsafed. In a time of high-wrought mental excitement, when his soul was absorbed and carried away in the contemplation of coming events, his spirit, as was believed, for a little while left the body, was caught up into heaven, and had a momentary view of its prophetic scenes.

We need not look upon this supposed fact as a violation of all the known experiences of life. It is easy to bring it within the sphere of what every good man has felt. In moments of devout thought and spiritual fervor, we are all confident that we know something of the intentions and purposes of God. If this knowledge and confidence were stronger in the case of the inspired prophets, we may yet believe that their inspiration was according to the same psychological laws by which anticipations and convictions are revealed to us.

The greater difference between them and us lies in the manner of expression. We think in words because we are familiarly used to written and printed words. But with them the earlier method of expressing thoughts by pictures had

not gone entirely into desuetude. Hieroglyphics and picture-writing still had a deep influence over the mind, and would keep it longer in all matters connected with religion than anywhere else. With them, therefore, religious anticipations uttered themselves more naturally by signs than by words. The prophets thought by signs, and represented their ideas by signs, and such signs were as certainly and readily understood as words are now.

We may illustrate the difference between our mode of expression and that used by the Hebrew prophets, by a case like the following.

Before our Revolutionary War, and while the Declaration of Independence was yet under discussion, one of the patriots who took part in that high debate expressed his strong confidence in their final success. The well-known words of John Adams were, "I see clearly through the events of this day. Our poor names may perish, but our cause will succeed. God will raise up for us friends. The Declaration will give us respectability in the eyes of the world; and the day on which we make it shall in after ages be celebrated by bonfires and illuminations, and the shouts of a great and free people."

Now let us suppose a Hebrew prophet, foreseeing the result of our War of Independence in the same way that Adams foresaw it,—how would he express his prediction? Not by abstract words, but by signs and symbols. Taking the animals on the national coat of arms to represent the two countries, the Hebrew prophet might set forth his prediction of American success in such a way as the following:—

"Then the spirit caught me and shewed me in a vision what must shortly come to pass. Lo, a door was opened in heaven, and behold, a lion fierce and terrible. And he saw afar off the young eagle, to whom he sprung for a prey. I looked again, and lo, the lion returned bleeding to his den, and the eagle soared in triumph. Then the hills clapped their hands, and all the trees of the wood rejoiced."

When we open the Book of Revelation, what a multitude of strange and bewildering images do we behold! Thrones, and elders, and beasts, and spirits, and harps, and vials, and

horses, and horsemen, and burning mountains, and falling stars, and flying dragons, and celestial cities, and pearly gates; — how can we find any plan or any meaning in these wild and confused scenes ?

A little careful study, however, reduces this seeming chaos to some degree of order. We find the great drama divided into three acts: first, the destruction of Judaism under the symbol of Jerusalem; second, the overthrow of Paganism under the symbol of Rome, here called Babylon; third, the general establishment of Christianity under the symbol of the descent of the New Jerusalem. Around these three great events, the first of which, when St. John wrote, had already taken place, all the interest in this book is made to revolve, while subordinate symbols are chosen to shadow forth the prominent circumstances by which each of these events was attended.

It is not our object to offer a commentary. Once, at the funeral of an old minister, it was said, in the lack probably of other things to say in his praise, that he never attempted to explain the Revelations. We should be unwise to cut ourselves off from the chance of a similar praise. We have no private interpretation to offer. Our sole object is to state the theory of this book which scholars have defended.

And that theory in substance we have already presented. The poet and apostle John, writing when he was nearly one hundred years old, on that island of Patmos to which he had been banished, might have said in plain and simple words, "It is decreed in heaven, and the decree has been revealed to me by Jesus Christ, that after wars, and famine, and pestilence, and troubles from seditious Jews and Roman armies, Judaism as a national religion shall be overthrown."

But the apostle had been a Jew. He was writing to those who had been Jews. To him and to them the imagery of the old Hebrew prophets had a charm, vivacity, and power which no abstract words could equal; and therefore he clothed these ideas in that imagery; and we will now mark the manner in which he does it.

Through the open door which gave him a glimpse of heaven

he saw the great throne, and the book of decrees which none but the Lamb could unseal ; and then there passed before his eyes the white horse of war, and the red horse of victory, and the pale horse of famine ; and when the number of those who are sealed is known, he saw the swarms of locusts that represented devouring armies, and flying horsemen, that is, the Roman cavalry, till at length Jerusalem was cast down, and the temple of God was removed from thence into heaven.

It is impossible for us to imagine what singular power over the imagination and sensibilities these pictorial representations of truth possessed. This book of Revelation produced a sensation at the time of its first appearance. It was more early and frequently named than other books of the New Testament ; and truths, which, had they been described in the tame language which we use, would have fallen powerless upon the public ear, were eagerly read, and excited lively apprehensions, because they were put forth in the bold dramatic imagery of the Hebrew prophets.

In regard to the second great event, described from the twelfth to the nineteenth chapters, it would be according to our use of language to say that the infant church, while in great danger of being destroyed by paganism, would yet be preserved, and paganism itself, though allied to the civil power of Rome, would be overcome and subdued.

But how has St. John set forth these same truths ? Caught up in spirit again into heaven, he saw a great dragon ready to devour a new-born child ; but Michael and his angels, rescuing the child, banished the dragon to earth, where it united itself to the Beast that had the ten horns and ten crowns, that is, the Roman government and its numerous provinces. By a series of woes, both the Beast and the Dragon were destroyed, and all heaven sang praises to God.

We shall only allude to the third division of this great drama, which is a description of the reign of Christianity upon the earth, under the figure of a great and rich city coming down from heaven to earth, with its gates of pearl and streets of gold, and God its glory, and the Lamb its light, and nations walking in its peace. The whole picture in that

twenty-first chapter had an animated and lively power, in comparison with which all our more modern words are tame and spiritless.

And now let us ask, What is the use to us of this book of Revelation? Except in the first age of its appearance, it has not been of much value in times past it must be confessed. Men have seen in it nothing but their own fancies and foolish beliefs. The Pope, Cromwell, the First Napoleon, the Reformation, the French Revolution, the Second Advent of Christ, predicted by crazy heads in our day,—all these have been found in the Apocalypse. There has never been a religious opinion so absurd and monstrous, but that, if no other parts of Scripture yielded it support, it might be kept in countenance by some text picked out from the strange scenes and visions of the Revelation. The well settled and rational principles of interpretation which have been suggested cast a clear light upon this book, and enable us to read it with interest and instruction.

It is especially interesting as carrying our minds back to the earliest attempts at writing. Its imagery was not originated by St. John. He found it all in the writings of the prophets, in those of Ezekiel and Daniel especially, and they found it in Assyria. A careful study of this book shows that John's chief merit was the skillful adaptation to his use of materials already at hand. He originated but little, either in ideas or style. The *thought* he got from the words of his master, his *imagery* from the Hebrew prophets; for his predictions of the coming fortunes of Christianity are only those recorded by Matthew and Luke as given by Christ; and these predictions the apostle clothes in the old Hebrew drapery.

Thus the description, in the first chapter, of the Son of Man may be found in its chief elements in the books of Ezekiel and Daniel. “I saw one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters, and out

of his mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword, and his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength."

No one can doubt that this is a description in words of a hieroglyphical picture, representing a royal personage of great power. Thus the long garment and golden girdle were emblems of kings; the white hair denoted venerated age; the eyes of flame signified his piercing knowledge; the brazen feet intimated his power to crush his foes; the voice as of many waters described his command, heard above everything else; the two-edged sword out of his mouth denoted his power to slay merely by a word; his countenance as the sun in his strength signified his surpassing splendor and majesty. If we make a picture of a person as thus described, we have doubtless a writing which was well understood long before the invention of letters, before the patriarchs, and Pharaohs, and pyramids of Egypt.

A book has lately been published to show the influence of hieroglyphics upon the formation of Biblical phrases, a large number of which disclose to us their meaning when we apply to them this key.*

But the Apocalypse has an interest above all this. We cannot read its description of the great multitude of people, who were redeemed out of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, the thousand and ten thousand and thousand times thousand, without seeing at once that the Apostle John was no believer in a stern Deity, who dooms the larger portion of his children to remediless woe. Amid all the conflicts between good and evil, there is ever a cheerful and hopeful air pervading his pages. Bunsen, in one of his books contrasts the triumphant tone of the early Christian writers with the tone of Dante's "Divina Commedia," which is sad and almost despairing, sees no triumph of virtue here on earth, and transfers all its glories to the future world. But the Apostle John saw a New Jerusalem come down from heaven to earth, and the victory of goodness here universal and enduring.

* See "Traces of Picture-Writing in the Bible," published by Little, Brown & Co., a book from the pen of the writer of this article.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

STATEMENT OF BELIEF.

The sermon preached by Dr. Peabody at the installation of Rev. A. Judson Rich, at Brookfield, Mass., has been printed, together with a Statement of Religious Belief, by Mr. Rich. The sermon is on "Progress in Christ, not Beyond Christ," and is characterized by Dr. Peabody's usual strength and earnestness. The Statement of Belief is noteworthy as a very careful and thorough theological survey by one who has been trained in the Calvinistic school of thought, from which he has come forth without leaving behind him his faith or his common sense. It repays careful perusal; and many a theologian would experience a wholesome clearing up of some fogs in his mind, if he would undertake to set down for himself a similar statement of the great controversy between the Liberal and the Orthodox schools.

On another ground this Statement of Belief demands notice. It meets in a manly way a difficulty which is felt by any one who has ever attended an ordination or installation council. Surely a parish has a right to know beyond question the opinions of the minister whom they settle on the great matters of belief; surely the ministers who are asked to be present, and help to settle him, have a moral right to know whether he is one whom they can invite to their own pulpits, whether he is one whom they can conscientiously consider a Christian teacher at all. Too often, the proceedings at councils are a farce which ought not to be endured, for the sake of the self-respect of the candidates themselves, and seem as if only intended to shuffle them in a hurry into their places,—from which, not seldom, they hurry out again. Mr. Rich met the case as it ought to be met, by a frank, voluntary statement, which must have commanded respect and sympathy by its intellectual force and by the Christian tenderness with which he speaks of those whom he had left

as well as of those to whom he came. We quote one of the sections of his statement, — that in which he speaks of JESUS CHRIST.

"Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of men. He is preëminently *the* Saviour, not one of many Saviours. Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus, or any other philosopher or teacher, holds no comparison with Jesus. 'His name is above every name.' Other religions have flourished, and gained converts; other men have lived noble lives, and taught sublime truths; but Christ and Christianity stand to-day as the Saviour and the religion whose dominion is everlasting, and whose heritage will yet be the whole earth. God had revealed himself to man through law and prophet, through type and shadow for four thousand years; but his revelation through Christ was the high noon of the world's day of history. While without Christ for four thousand years, the world was not, however, without God; and when Jesus came, it was the fit time to favor Zion; the world by a series of providences was then, and not before then, prepared to receive and appreciate the welcome light whose burning, healing, fruit-bearing radiance the ages should not dim.

"Whether natural or supernatural in his birth, Jesus was, in his inner life and spirit, Divinely inspired to reveal to men the character and will of God; and to be the way, the truth, and the life to the race. He came 'to save us from our sins,' and thus to save us eternally. He is not God, the Deity, nor one of three equal Gods, nor yet a mysterious factor of three Gods in one; but he is 'God manifest in the flesh;' at least as much of God thus manifested as is sufficient for our knowledge, our joy, and our salvation. He came to us to teach us what we ought to be, and how we ought to live, and by what means. In him humanity was clothed with the attributes of Deity; and to the race, and to us all, practically, not absolutely, as a representative, was God. In Christ, humanity was pure and perfect; and yet the Divine mind so pervaded and inspired his entire being, that he was 'Immanuel,' God with us. Yet in this sense, it does not deny or affect the absolute Unity of God. There is but one God; and Jesus, when his mediatorial work is accomplished, as the Redeemer of men, and the Head of the Church, will bring all his trophies and render them back to God, that the Father may be 'all in all.' We worship God, through Christ, as the medium through which we apprehend the Father, not the goal beyond which the Father may not be found, and Son and Spirit are

subordinate, and the outflow of the One Infinite mind. And while the Father is greater than the Son, both are one in spirit and love and action, not in spiritual essence ; nevertheless, while taking an intelligent, rational view of the matter, we should avoid the extremes which emphasize God as though there were no Christ, or centre all in Christ as though there were no God."

"WORKMEN THAT NEED NOT BE ASHAMED."

THE great need in theological education to-day is not a multiplication of second-rate schools, where a superficial training for the ministry may be scrambled through, but a concentration of money and force on institutions already endowed and partially equipped with teaching power. On this ground the needless creation of such institutions would be worse than a mere mistake, as it would tend to affect the quality of the material of which the ministry was composed. The problem pressing on all religious denominations, how to increase the number of really efficient ministers, is well dealt with in "The Universalist." We extract a portion of the article entitled, —

"**WORKMEN THAT NEED NOT BE ASHAMED.**—We anticipate no objection to the assertion that *we cannot afford to experiment in this business*. Possibly, however, all may not be fully persuaded what it is to experiment. Let us say, then, that we cannot undertake to provide for the education of any student for our ministry who does not furnish in his health, abilities, character, attainments, and well-considered intentions, reasonable assurances of spending many years in the successful administration of the gospel as understood by Universalists. Our proposition is purposely made inclusive of many particulars. Any deficiency that promises to destroy or seriously hinder his permanent usefulness should render any student ineligible to denominational aid. It will not do to go on the presumption that he 'may turn out all right.' In no other practical concern do men permit such an unfounded hope to control their judgment. We must have the probabilities on our side, not against us.

"Considerable has been said among us about the duty of exercising caution lest we educate men who will turn and trample upon what we expected them to venerate and uphold. The minds of

Universalists, we take it, are now pretty much made up as to this matter. We will not, consciously, give a dollar nor an impulse towards educating a minister to preach down the Christian religion. We demand that he shall be consecrated to the proclamation and defense of the gospel. Infidels, Rationalists, Naturalists, 'Radicals,' must seek other fields. There is no place for them in our communion. So much, we observe, has been settled. And all our people say, Amen. But it seems to us scarcely less a duty to guard our ministry against imbeciles, oddities, adventurers and Micawbers. We cannot afford to patent any articles warranted to kill parishes ; and our experience, as well as that of every other denomination, shows that incapacity, eccentricity, not joined with uncommon talents, aimlessness, laziness and immorality, will as surely ruin parishes as the worst and most unbridled heresy. Not that our history in this respect has been peculiar, but that it has, in common with that of all our neighbors, been instructive.

"Much is said of the 'demand of the times' on the pulpit. No one familiar with the facts can doubt that this demand is exacting. But the Christian ministry is a great calling. In any 'times' it calls for all that the highest ability united to the most thorough consecration can give. Every young man of amiable disposition is not equal to that demand. Especially is not every young man who happens to have nothing else to do, or who has failed in some vocation requiring only half the energy and resources demanded by the ministry, a fit candidate for this high office. It calls for the best, in every respect. And in our judgment it should be the policy of our pastors, churches, divinity-school professors, and all our people, to impel or attract into the ministry only the most capable ; while they should not suffer tenderness for individuals to so far overrule duty to the cause as to allow them to hesitate, when the occasion demands, to discourage or exclude those whom they are morally certain can never become permanently beneficial to the church.

"It would be of very little advantage—we might even say it would be a positive disadvantage—to us to have the ranks of our ministry filled up with mediocre men. We need 'more ministers,' but we do not need more of the inferior grades. If we have no more of these already than other sects it is certain we have all we can put to any profitable use. In our eagerness to furnish destitute parishes with pastors, let us not be unmindful of the prime importance of getting men who will not merely occupy our pulpits, but honor them. Above all, let no one have any just ground for the

opinion that we secure a lower average efficiency with the help of our theological schools than was produced without them."

FAITH IN CHRIST.

The grim fathers who compelled the division of the New England churches half a century ago, in the memorable controversy whose root of bitterness is only now dying out, would doubtless have detected the germs of the heresies which they thought to cast out in the following article from "The Church Union," Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's paper. The article "On Atonement and Christ," breathes the spirit of those honored men who led the movement of Liberal Christianity, and is noteworthy as denoting the undogmatic drift of thought in all the churches toward that faith which will be the bond of union where elaborate creeds can only divide. It is as follows:—

"There is a set of religious phrases, such as Faith in the Atonement, in the merits of the Redeemer, in the work of Christ, and the like, dear by association to many Christians, yet in themselves adapted to obscure and weaken the simplicity and power of Christianity. For them all we should like to substitute 'Faith in Christ.' That expression is perfectly simple. Hardly a child needs to be told what it is to have faith and trust in a person. But faith in the Atonement as a past transaction, in a Saviour's merits as literally transferred to our account like a credit in a merchant's ledger, in the redeeming work as a sort of finished negotiation between Father and Son,—these ideas perplex the mind with abstractions. The soul in its intenser moods craves something simpler, more direct and personal than these. Present to it just Christ himself in his divine perfection and love, and it is satisfied. Dwell on his suffering and death, not to rest in them as things past, but as revealing him as he is now and ever, the strength and tenderness with which he sought and seeks us. Say to the penitent soul, not 'Behold your salvation,' but 'Behold your Saviour.'

"Not only is this manner of presentation simpler and more intelligible, but it has far more effect on the moral feeling and character. Faith in the Atonement, as a completed transaction, may give the soul a sense of security. But it is the sight of Christ himself, the feeling of his presence, the resting of our souls on him, that inspires us with love and ardor. The best assurance even of forgiveness is in the vivid consciousness of Christ's own nature; and in this con-

sciousness is the highest aid to holiness. The Atonement, we mean the fact, not mere theories about it, is a great reality. But the greatest reality, the centre of Christian life, is Christ Jesus himself. Our very forms of speech should present him, rather than any of his special gifts or works."

So far as we have seen them, the sermons of Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, printed weekly at the cost of \$2.50 a year, are very good. That on "A Despicable Minister" contains many wholesome suggestions for the consideration of his professional brethren. The plan of the "Church of the Strangers," whose pastor this clergyman is, is substantially that of the "Church of the Disciples" in this city, whose aim is also "to demonstrate the practicability of Christianity, to keep up a Free Christian Church in this city, and to furnish a Sunday Home for Strangers." But it is a great oversight to claim to be "the first unsectarian church established in America." There is a church in Boston which in 1785 adopted exactly this ground, whose "symbol of faith is the apostles' creed," which is written on its walls, but is not made a test of exclusion for any whose "ritual is simple and communion open;" and this church, to our personal knowledge, includes persons who have been members of the Baptist, Episcopal, Trinitarian, and Unitarian denominations.

MR. BARNES AND DEAN ALFORD.

THE recent death of two distinguished theological scholars of the English speaking race is to be recorded with sorrow. The Rev. Albert Barnes passed on the eve of Christmas day, 1870, into the nearer presence of the Master whom he had served with a rare devotion and singleness of soul through a long life. Known to a vast multitude of readers of his expository writings as a very voluminous writer, he was also a most laborious parish minister, and prepared his numerous books in the spare moments which most men waste,—paying the penalty, however, for his unremitting toil, in the loss of his overtired sight some years since. The record of his life is thus epitomized:—

"His death is ascribed to heart disease. He was born in Rome,

N.Y., on the first day of December, 1798. When twenty-two, he graduated from Hamilton College. He thence went to Princeton Seminary, where his theological education was completed in 1824. One year later he accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Morristown, N.J., and continued minister to that parish for five years. It was at Morristown that he commenced the series of 'Scripture Commentaries' for the aid of Sunday-schools which has made his name so broadly and worthily known. In 1830 he accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia, and retained his charge up to 1868, when he resigned its more onerous duties to a colleague. Apart from his services as a commentator, Mr. Barnes was known as a frequent contributor to periodicals, and as the author of important religious works. As a clergyman, his life was one of signal usefulness. In his relations to his denomination, he was involved, in 1840, in a controversy with Dr. Judkin, on a charge of heresy, which ended in his temporary suspension. On appeal, however, the sentence was rescinded, and in a year he was re-instated in office. The event is noteworthy as connecting itself with the Old and New School secessions, which followed shortly after."

The honor in which he was held by Christians of most various denominations is well illustrated by the tribute to his "truly consecrated life," which we quote below. It is from "The Universalist," and is not the less truly appreciative because it contains a just criticism on certain characteristics of the system set forth in his commentaries:—

"Indefatigable industry, profound earnestness as a Christian preacher and writer, a Biblical scholar and commentator, always practical — thinking only to act — Mr. Barnes was almost apostolic in the fervor and singleness of purpose with which he gave himself to what he thought his Master's work. We can name no commentator, of equal ability, who seems to us so frequently in error in the interpretation of what are called 'threatenings.' He really believed in the doctrine of endless woe. He knew that if true, it *ought* to be very prominent in the Scriptures. He was therefore led to see it in parables, illustrations, and warnings, when but for his prior belief he would have seen only temporal retributions, and these tempered with mercy. His interpretations of the passages which Orthodoxy disputes with Universalists seem to us worthless; for in numerous instances he stands almost alone among the learned contemporaries of his own creed. He is Orthodox all the time, and

on all subjects. But our emphatic dissent from his notions of Christian doctrine cannot blind us to his great merit as a Christian, who, according to the light that was in him, sought to benefit his fellow-men. Humanity will be rated the higher because it has shown itself in Albert Barnes. The men and women of coming generations will bless his name."

In Dean Henry Alford, the Church of England has lost one of her most scholarly men. Not in any sense a great man, but one highly cultivated, who used his powers to their fullest. Perhaps a better poet than commentator,—for his poems, published here by Ticknor & Fields, in 1853, contain some very deep and tender things,—he abandoned the muse to devote many years of his life to his elaborate edition of the Greek Testament with notes, in four large volumes.

This is a treasure-house of learning, especially for those who cannot have access to the library of German authorities, whose results Dean Alford has gathered up, not without independent judgments of his own. He also published the most important substance of this elaborate work in his "New Testament for English Readers," which represents a higher and broader scholarship than is set forth in Barnes's Commentaries. As editor of the "Contemporary Review," he has done noble and Christian work, and worthily conducted what is, on the whole, the ablest and most comprehensive journal of a truly liberal Christianity of any now existing. Since 1857 he has been Dean of Canterbury, and it was a fitting use to which Lord Palmerston put that position of dignified leisure under the shadow of the gray old Mother Church of England, when he bestowed it on so able a man and so hard a worker. It is to be regretted that Dean Alford, though Christian, being still human, fell into errors of judgment and charity during our national struggles, which seem incomprehensible in the light of his progressive opinions, and in his book entitled the "Queen's English" (which Mr. Moon sarcastically criticised in his pamphlet "The Dean's English") uttered hard and bitter sayings about us, whose want of truth and justice, let us hope, he saw reason to deeply regret. Among his poems, that beginning,—

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun,"

is sweet and beautiful. And the "Lachrymæ Paternæ" contain very touching and tender expression of the consecrated grief of Christian mourners. Those of our readers who do not already know them will be glad to see the lines which we quote below, which utter a feeling only too familiar to those who have known bereavement:—

" Why day by day this painful questioning ?
I know that it is well. I know that *there*
(O where ?) thou hast protectors, guardians, friends,
If such be needed : angel companies
Move round thee ; mighty Spirits lead thy thoughts
To points of knowledge which we never saw.
I know that thou art happy — fresh desire
Springing each day, and each day satisfied ;
God's glorious works all open to thy view,
His blessed creatures thine, where pain nor death
Disturbs not, nor divides. All this I know, —
But O for one short sight of what I know ! "

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

We copy from "The Churchman" a summary of an article by the Bishop of Calcutta, in a recent number of "Good Words," drawing a comparison between the old Eclectic School of Alexandria, and the present Brahmo Somaj in India. He says:—

" The points of likeness are somewhat striking. At Alexandria met the East and the West, — the philosophy of Greece and the Magianism of Persia, the disciples of Plato and those of Zoroaster, Manichæists and Gnostics. And here were Jews like Philo, learned in the Scriptures, but full of fanciful interpretations, and Christians, like Origen, who mingled foreign elements with the Gospel.

" All were Eclectics, even the teachers of Christian truth, but especially the religious philosophers who vibrated between Theism and Pantheism, and never reached any stable conclusions. The Eclectic having the sole standard of judgment in himself, aspired to know all and to test all, and thus gathering up the scattered fragments of truth to be found in all systems, form one that should be absolutely true.

"As at Alexandria, so now in India, there is a school of religious philosophers of whom Chunden Sen, so much *feted* of late in England, is the most distinguished exponent, who are trying to gather up truth from all religions, both of the East and West, and fuse it into a new form. They oscillate between Theism and Pantheism ; they borrow something from their own Vedas, and something from Parker and Emerson ; they praise alike Renan and St. Paul ; they select a little from the Old Testament, and a little from the New, accept the philanthropy, but reject the dogmas of Christianity. Of their own ability to distinguish truth they do not in the least doubt.

"Of this school the Bishop says, 'I do not think that they are large readers or deep thinkers, but they are persistent in acquiring a considerable amount of superficial knowledge. That they are mostly men of pure life, and of considerable devotion and prayer, there can be no doubt. They have lately built what they would call a Church, and adapted some forms of worship chiefly imitated from Christian Churches. Even when their ideas are really derived from Christianity, they will not own this, perhaps are unconscious of it.'

"The Bishop thinks their chief danger is from Pantheism."

"CONGREGATIONAL BREADTH."

The "Chicago Advance" speaks for the Broader Church of the Future, in the spirit of the Liberal Christian movement in its beginning, in the following article :"—

"A Local Church, thus accessible to all true disciples, should strive, however, to develop its life to the utmost in the fullness of its knowledge, in the beauty and edification of its worship, in the perfection of its methods, and in the extent of its influence. The ability to do this, by the reception of light from every quarter, and the opportunity to order its own affairs, subject to no superior authority, we claim to be one of the glories of our Congregational system. . . .

"It is no surprise, then, to learn that President Hopkins, of Williams College, recently said that a Congregational Church might adopt a liturgy without any approach to Episcopacy, and might elect a body of elders without thereby becoming Presbyterian. In neither of the supposed cases would there be an infringement of the distinctive autocracy of the local church, but rather an exercise of it. The act might be wise or unwise, but it would be within the powers of a church which desired to secure its best edification. Thus, let us suppose that Mr. Cheney's Episcopal congregation, in this city, in case the Supreme Court shall decide against his appeal to the civil courts, wearied of its bondage to Bishop

Whitehouse and his convention, and wishing to retain its pastor, should secede as a body, and request recognition as a Congregational Church. Should the fact that the pastor and people retain their liturgic form of worship be any barrier to their instant and warm recognition? Not at all. An ecclesiastical council, or the Chicago Association, would inform them that they were at liberty to order their own internal affairs, including their mode of worship, as seemed to them the most profitable. They might pray with or without a prayer-book, just as they might sing with or without a hymn-book, and they might call their trustees vestrymen, as long as they pleased. Precisely such a case occurred, a few years since, in Ohio. An Episcopal Church withdrew from the diocesan convention, and was received into Congregational fellowship without any restriction as to modes of worship. If, the next week, a neighboring church, equally weary of the yoke of Presbytery, should apply for ecclesiastical recognition, desiring to retain its elders, but allowing an appeal to the whole membership of the church instead of the Presbytery, we should make no opposition to its reception into our fellowship. . . . Presbyterianism implies an authoritative ecclesiastical body over the individual churches of a given district, with power to reverse the decision of a local church. . . . Congregationalism must recognize its evident and broad mission, which is, not only to make a stand for ecclesiastical freedom, but also to initiate measures, on the platform of liberty, for "gathering together in one the children of God which are scattered abroad." If, while we carefully maintain the independence of the local church, we allow it full scope, without prejudice, or railing accusation, or cutting insinuation, to order its internal affairs according to its own light, and if, at the same time, we enlarge our instrumentalities for manifesting Christian fellowship and for doing a common Christian work, we shall draw into union with ourselves and each other churches now widely separated. . . . We need to plant ourselves upon a simple evangelical doctrinal basis; to complete our fraternal manifestations of unity by adding a National Triennial Council, or Conference; and to let it be known that any local Christian church may join us while retaining its own internal administration. Then shall we be prepared for inward development and outward growth. We shall broaden and ripen in our intellectual culture, we shall enlarge our influence and usefulness, and we shall gradually convince Christians of all shades of belief and forms of worship that no necessity exists for their remaining aloof from each other in separate and unfraternal bodies. The liturgic and the non-liturgic churches, those with and those without elders, those which sprinkle and others which immerse in baptism, those Calvinistic and those Arminian in their faith, will learn that they can be in both moral and ecclesiastical fellowship, as were the primitive churches with their Jewish and Gentile differences of doctrine and worship. Let us have a revival of apostolic liberty and purity, of primitive breadth, comprehensiveness, and power."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

DEFINING CHRISTIANITY.

"THE YEAR Book" of the American Unitarian Association is well and carefully prepared, and is indispensable to every Unitarian minister. It contains much interesting matter—among other things a very clear and candid statement of the Unitarian position in a review of the action of the late National Conference. We do not like the statement, however, that the Conference or the Association refuses "to define Christianity." What is the object of the Conference and the Association, but to *diffuse* Christianity? For this they ask funds, and frankness requires that they shall *define* the object they use them for. A very simple and, we think, quite sufficient, definition of Christianity would be, the *system of faith and practice contained in the New Testament*, leaving every man to learn it out for himself, and judge for himself. This we understand to be the Unitarian position; affirming a positive faith on the one hand and liberty on the other. The Conference defines Christianity as "the Gospel of Jesus Christ," meaning the gospel as embodied in the New Testament. It *defines* Christianity, but declines to *interpret* it, or draw it out into a human creed, leaving that for the individual in the freedom of his own studies and inquiries.

Sombody, in "The Commonwealth," gets off this "tremendous" criticism:—

"In the 'Random Readings' a certain 'L.' speaks very much at random about 'Carlyle and the War,' having previously relieved his feelings (at the reader's expense) upon the subject of the war in the 'Topics of the Month.' He jumps upon poor Carlyle like a grasshopper upon a war-horse, of course greatly to the detriment of the charger. Until Carlyle expressed his sympathy with Germany, he says, there might have been some doubt which of the two nations had the right of it. But the said sympathy having been expressed, we are assured that 'the Prussians are a set of unscrupulous, greedy, and merciless marauders.' It occurs to us, as a general reflection, not at all suggested, of course, by the case in hand, that when a man tries to be more tremendous than he can be, he is likely to appear weaker than he really is. Let the reader pardon us for introducing here this quite irrelevant remark."

You need no pardon, Mr. Critic, when you illustrate your own "general reflection" so capitally.

WHAT WAR COSTS.

A writer in "Lippincot's Magazine" (Mr. Wells) says the cost of our civil war, estimated in money alone, say nothing of the sacrifice of life, would be represented by the ordinary labor of two million men working continuously for nine years. Add to all this the widows and orphans made, the sorrow and desolation of home, and the hundreds of thousands maimed or disabled for life, and who will ask to settle the Alabama claims, or the fishery controversy, by another appeal to arms, or advise war as a "policy" to keep the republican party in power? We do not think Mr. Wells's language too strong, when, quoting Longfellow, he says the advocates of such a policy ought to wear on their foreheads the curse of Cain.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE RADICALS.—MR. ABBOT'S SERMON.

F. E. Abbot, the editor of "The Index," has a Christmas sermon which contains some fine passages. Mr. A. thinks he can celebrate Christmas with a fullness of significance which Christians cannot find in it, inasmuch as *they* only see God incarnate in Christ, he sees God incarnate in all humanity. But that, Mr. Abbot, would make us all Gods, whereas, it is patent we are not. God immanent in man, as his inspiration, his life, his peace and joy, his ground of all progress, is one doctrine; God incarnate is quite another doctrine,—a distinction which pantheists confound habitually. His incarnation in Christ is to the end of making his immanence in all humanity more full and efficacious. If he is incarnate in all men, polytheism is true, and there was no need of any Christ at all. But Mr. Abbot shall speak for himself in one of his fine passages, whose rhetoric we think far better than its logic and metaphysics:—

"I thus affirm what the Christians affirm, and also what they deny; do I not, then, make good my claim that my faith in the Incarnation is larger than theirs? Is it not clear that the great truth which I accept in its absoluteness, as a divine *law*, unlimited either in space or time, they mutilate and reduce to an exceptional *fact*, limited to a particular epoch and a particular locality? Let them retain their Emmanuel, who lit the darkened skies two thousand years ago like a meteor that flashes and

expires; but let us retain ours, which lights the heavens like a sun that never sets. Their Incarnation was transient,—mine is eternal. God was indeed in Jesus; but most of all is he in that Humanity which abides in all ages and all climes as a permanent, natural revelation of himself,—which no one man, however divine, can express in all its divine possibilities,—which shall incarnate more and more of the Infinite Spirit throughout the countless æons of eternity. God was indeed in that august man of Palestine; but he is as truly in you, men and women of America,—as truly in you, who listen to my poor fleeting words, as in him who uttered words that will live forever. The Eternal Goodness that found such melodious self-articulation in the life of Jesus, and spoke with such tenderness and power in that pure and lovely soul, is struggling, friends, to utter a word of equal beauty in your life and mine."

GLIMPSES.

A. J. Davis, the seer, is reported as saying that all spirits are perfect in form; since "deformities, such as humpbacks, broken limbs, and so on, are peeled off with the mortal wrapper." But how is it, Mr. Davis, with deformities originating in bad tempers, licentious passions, lusts that defile the mind and eat out all the beautiful sentiments and affections? Do not these produce a great deal worse deformities when ultimated in the body and features than those other things you speak of? They certainly do in this world. Is it not so in all worlds under the universal law, that spirit in some sort creates and fashions the body that reveals its essence? If it be not so in the other world, that must be a sphere of worse hypocrisies than the one we now live in.

WHITTIER'S NEW VOLUME.

"Miriam" is a tale which shows the beauty of humanity and mercy, and evinces the large faith of its author, who thinks there is good in all creeds and religions, and that good minds find it and leave the bad. Some of the minor poems of the volume are more faultless in execution than "Miriam," and have all of Whittier's mellowness and grace. That to Lydia Maria Child, on reading her poem in "The Standard," is in his best vein and is a fitting response to a very sweet and tender dirge entitled, "A Voice from Memory." Mrs. Child's stanzas express the yearning of more than one heart towards the land of mystery. How many hands there are stretched out towards those who are reaching from the other side of the river! The friend alluded to is Ellis Gray Loring, one

of the small band of abolitionists who were true as steel to the principles of freedom and the rights of the slave, when it was fashionable to ignore or despise them.

“Again the trees are clothed in vernal green,
Again the waters flow in silvery sheen,
But all this beauty through a mist I see,
For earth bloomed thus when thou wert lost to me.

“The flowers come back, the tuneful birds return,
But thou, for whom my spirit still doth yearn,
Art gone from me to spheres so bright and far
Thou seem’st the spirit of some distant star.

“Oh, for some telegram from thee, my friend !
Some whispered answer to the love I send !
Or one brief glance from those dear guileless eyes,
That smiled on me so sweetly thy replies.

“My heart is hungry for thy gentle ways,
Thy friendly counsels and thy precious praise ;
I seem to travel in the dark alone,
Since thou, my wisest, truest guide, art gone.

“And yet at times so near thou art to me
That each good thought seems still inspired by thee ;
I almost hear thee say, ‘Fear not, my friend !
Our friendship, pure and loyal, knows no end.’”

A SOLDIERS’ MONUMENT.

The town of Wayland have done a very sensible and a very honorable thing. They have raised the best and most fitting soldiers’ monument of any we have heard of. The project of rearing a marble pile, and inscribing the soldiers’ names upon it, was discussed and abandoned. What would most of these names be to the next generation, if this be all that is done ? Names, and nothing more. Then it was proposed to send to every soldier of the Wayland quota and get the story of his marches and experiences ; get also the story of the men who fell, from their letters and from friends who could furnish the knowledge, and put the whole into a book carefully compiled, several copies to be preserved in an apartment of the town library set apart for the purpose, with flags, swords, and other memorials of the war, such as could be gathered and preserved. The result is a large, handsome volume of some

five hundred pages of exceeding interest. Every soldier's toils, sufferings, and achievements are there, gathered while they are fresh in the memory, and told with an unction, sometimes with a graphic power which only a personal interest could give them. The volume gives an inside view of the war, such as we have seen nowhere else. To the children and children's children of these heroic men the volume will have an interest and value beyond that which any stone monument could give. James S. Draper, Esq., the compiler of the volume, has done his part admirably in rearing this enduring monument.

On the evening of January 5th, ult., a meeting of all the surviving Wayland soldiers was called together, with all interested in the movement. The church was filled to overflowing. Each soldier was presented with a copy of the volume by a committee of the town, with appropriate remarks in appreciation of the services of these faithful men. The volume will be an heir-loom to their families forever. It was a reunion of thrilling reminiscences, and the meeting was prolonged far into the night with speeches and patriotic songs which brought back vividly the scenes of victory and suffering. Every spectator must have felt how true was the motto on the title-page of the volume:—

“O mother land ! this weary life
Thy faithful children led for thee :
Theirs the strong agony and strife
By land and stormy sea.

“And not in vain : now slants the gold
Across those dark and stormy skies :
From out the ruined waste, behold
What happy homes arise !

A COLLEGE FOR THE FREEDMEN.

We watch with intense interest the progress made in the education and elevation of the four million negroes set free by the rebellion, and made citizens of the republic. The organized effort thus far promises the best results. All our readers may not be aware that a college for the education of colored teachers is in successful operation at Hampden, in Virginia, two or three miles east of Fortress Monroe, where, it will be remembered, Gen. Butler first declared the slaves contraband of war. It is under the energetic management of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, and contains already nearly

a hundred pupils. It has been built up principally by contributions of friends at the North, and funds from the Freedmen's Bureau, amounting, in all, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and efforts are now made to add one hundred thousand more with a further endowment from the state of Virginia. It has agricultural and other industrial departments, which furnish the students means, in part, of defraying their expenses, and also education in farming and in the mechanic arts. A gentleman of the highest intelligence, well acquainted with the operations of the school, says:—

“I have attended the recitations of the classes, and I declare, without hesitation, that I have never known a more thorough system of teaching than is maintained at this college, and that I was surprised at the proficiency of the pupils, and the intelligence and spirit which they displayed in the various classes.”

I WANT NO FLOWERS.

I want no flowers thy stone to wreath,
 Nor on thy grave to blow,
 And mind me of my withered rose
 That turns to dust below.

I want no picture on my walls
 Thine image to renew,
 And mock thy sweet, angelic smile,
 And eyes of tender dew.

Unless I touch those rosy lips
 That once to mine were laid,
 I care not in the spirit-lands
 To meet thy fleeting shade.

If these be all that Mercy leaves
 To soothe my great despair,
 I'll only clasp thee in my dreams,
 And carve thine image there.

But oh! these shadows which we grasp
 Tell, with prophetic power,
 That this dim world must be our dream,
 And death our waking hour.

INSIDE THE PALACE.

Mrs. Leonowens' book, lately noticed in our pages, shows in very striking light what Christianity has done and is doing for women. Mrs. L., it will be remembered, was governess and teacher in the household of the King of Siam, and her descriptions of character and manners, especially those of the women in the palace, show what beautiful types of human nature those people might become under a humane government and a pure religion, and how cruelly they may be depressed by superstition and despotism. The men of the better class evince singular capacity and intelligence, and the women a singular grace, sweetness and tenderness ; and we do not remember reading of any people where a pure and invigorating faith would mould human nature into nobler and lovelier forms. Our savage Anglo-Saxon stock is slower a great deal, and harder to mould. What better and lovelier types of Christian character and civilization may be had when the Christianity of Christ, not of its priesthoods, shall be embraced by the nations that now sit in darkness and the shadow of death ?

Mrs. Leonowens had a school within the king's palace where she taught his wives and their children. Her descriptions of their natural loveliness and aptness to learn, with their patience under suffering and wrong, are very touching.

"I never knew misery," she says, "till I found it here." Amid the glitter and the ceremony, there was "the cloud, and the chill, and famishing, and pining, and beating of wings against golden bars." What revolutions shall we have when the woman question gets into Siam, and woman suffrage upheaves the despotism that bruises and blights its loveliest flowers? We give entire one of the touching stories which Mrs. L. narrates often, with a pathos and eloquence that move the heart very deeply.

THE STORY OF LITTLE WANNE.

Among my pupils was a little girl about eight or nine years old, of delicate frame, and with the low voice and subdued manner of one who had already had experience of sorrow. She was not among those presented to me at the opening of the school. Wanne Retana Kania was her name ("Sweet Promise of my Hopes"), and very engaging and persuasive was she in her patient, timid loveliness. Her mother, the Lady Khoon Chom Kioa, who had once

found favor with the king, had at the time of my coming to the palace fallen into disgrace by reason of her gambling, in which she had squandered all the patrimony of the little princess. This fact, instead of inspiring the royal father with pity for his child, seemed to attract to her all that was most cruel in his insane temper. The offense of the mother had made the daughter offensive in his sight; and it was not until long after the term of imprisonment of the disgraced favorite had expired, that Wanne ventured to appear at a royal *levee*. The moment the king caught sight of the little form so piteously prostrated there, he drove her rudely from his presence, taunting her with the delinquencies of her mother with a coarseness that would have been cruel enough if she had been responsible for them and a gainer by them, but against one of her tender years, innocent toward both, and injured by both, it was inconceivably atrocious. On her first appearance at school she was so timid and wistful, that I felt constrained to notice and encourage her more than those whom I had already with me. But I found this no easy part to play; for very soon one of the court ladies in the confidence of the king took me quietly aside, and warned me to be less demonstrative in favor of the little princess, saying, "Surely you would not bring trouble upon that wounded lamb!"

It was a sore trial to me to witness the oppression of one so unoffending and so helpless. Yet our Wanne was neither thin nor pale. There was a freshness in her childish beauty, and a bloom in the transparent olive of her cheeks, that were at times bewitching. She loved her father, and in her visions of baby faith beheld him almost as a god. It was true joy to her to fold her hands and bow before the chamber where he slept. With that steadfast hopefulness of childhood which can be deceived without being discouraged, she would say, "How glad he will be when I can read!" and yet she had known nothing but despair.

Her memory was extraordinary; she delighted in all that was remarkable, and with careful wisdom gathered up facts and precepts and saved them for future use. She seemed to have built around her an invisible temple of her own design, and to have illuminated it with the rushlight of her childish love. Among the books she read to me, rendering it from English into Siamese, was one called "Spring-time." On translating the line, "Whom he loveth he chasteneth," she looked up in my face and asked, anxiously, "Does thy God do that? Ah! lady, are *all* the gods angry and cruel? Has he no pity even for those who love him? He must be like my

father ; *he* loves us so he has to be *rye* (cruel) that we may fear evil and avoid it."

Meanwhile, little Wanne learned to spell, read, and translate almost intuitively ; for there were novelty and hope to help the Buddhist child, and love to help the English woman. The sad look left her face,—her life had found an interest ; and very often on *fete* days she was my only pupil ; when, suddenly, an ominous cloud obscured the sky of her transient gladness.

Wanne was poor ; and her gifts to me were of the riches of poverty,—fruit and flowers. But she owned some female slaves, and one among them, a woman of twenty-five perhaps,—who had already made a place for herself in my regard,—seemed devotedly attached to her youthful mistress, and not only attended her to the school day after day, but shared her scholarly enthusiasm, even studied with her, sitting at her feet by the table. Steadily the slave kept pace with the princess. All that Wanne learned at school in the day was lovingly taught to Mai Noie in the nursery at night ; and it was not long before I found, to my astonishment, that the slave read and translated as correctly as her mistress.

Very delightful were the demonstrations of attachment interchanged between these two. Mai Noie bore the child in her arms to and from the school, fed her, humored her every whim, fanned her naps, bathed and perfumed her every night, and then rocked her to sleep on her careful bosom as tenderly as she would have done for her own child. And then it was charming to watch the child's face kindle with love and comfort as the sound of her friend's step approached.

Suddenly a change ; the little princess came to school as usual, but a strange woman attended her, and I saw no more of Mai Noie there. The child grew so listless and wretched that I was forced to ask the cause of her darling's absence ; she burst into a passion of tears, but replied not a word. Then I inquired of the stranger and she answered in two syllables, "*My su*" ("I know not"). Shortly afterward, as I entered the schoolroom one day, I perceived that something unusual was happening. I turned toward the princess' door and stood still, fairly holding in my breath. There was the king, furious, striding up and down. All the female judges of the palace were present, and a crowd of mothers and royal children. On all the steps around innumerable slave-women, old and young, crouched and hid their faces.

But the object most conspicuous was little Wanne's mother, man-

aled and prostrate on the polished marble pavement. There, too, was my poor little princess, her hands clasped helplessly, her eyes tearless but downcast, palpitating, trembling, shivering. Sorrow and horror had transformed the child.

As well as I could understand, where no one dared explain, the wretched woman had been gambling again, and had even staked and lost her daughter's slaves. At last I understood Wanne's silence when I asked her where Mai Noie was. By some means—spies probably—the whole matter had come to the king's ears, and his rage was wild; not because he loved the child, but that he hated the mother.

Promptly the order was given to lash the woman, and two Amazons advanced to execute it. The first strike was delivered with savage skill; but before the thong could descend again the child sprang forward and flung herself across the bare and quivering back of her mother. "Strike me, my father! Pray strike me, oh my father!"

The pause of fear that followed was only broken by my boy, who, with a convulsive cry, buried his face desperately in the folds of my skirt.

There, indeed, was a case for prayer, *any* prayer!—the prostrate woman, the hesitating lash, the tearless anguish of the Siamese child, the heart-rending cry of the English child, all those mothers with groveling brows, but hearts uplifted among the stars on the wings of the Angel of Prayer. Who could behold so many women crouching, shuddering, stupefied, dismayed, in silence and darkness, animated, enlightened only by the deep whispering heart of maternity, and not be moved with mournful yearnings?

The child's prayer was vain. As demons tremble in the presence of a god, so the king comprehended that he had now to deal with a power of weakness, pity, beauty, courage and eloquence. "Strike me, oh my father!"

His quick, clear sagacity measured instantly all the danger in that challenge; and though his voice was thick and agitated,—for, monster as he was at that moment, he could not but shrink from striking at every mother's heart at his feet,—he nervously gave the order to remove the child and bind her. The united strength of several women was not more than enough to loose the clasp of those loving arms from the neck of an unworthy mother. The tender hands and feet were bound, and the tender heart was broken. The lash descended then unforbidden by any cry.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLUTARCH'S MORALS. Translated from the Greek by several hands. Corrected and revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5 vols. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1870.

The thanks of all reading and scholarly persons are due to the learned editor of this classical work, and to the publishers who have given it so handsome a garb. The task which Professor Goodwin has discharged has been more laborious than any one can conceive who looks only at his finished work without actual comparison with the earlier translations of which it is modestly entitled a "revision," and with the original text, which is often hopelessly corrupt. In some ways no enterprise can be more unsatisfactory to a scholar, for there is nothing where the unseen labor is in larger proportion to the seen result; yet it must be a recompense to Professor Goodwin to be assured that he has done a greatly appreciated and enduring service to many lovers of good literature. While some of the old translators of Plutarch were competent, of some it may be said that they knew everything except Greek. Their English is of the incomparable raciness which belongs to the time when they wrote, the end of the seventeenth century; and it is fortunate that the present editor decided to keep wherever possible the language of the old translation by "Several Hands," first published in 1684-1694, and corrected from the earlier translation by Holland, eighty years previous.

The "Morals" of Plutarch comprise seventy-six dissertations, not only on ethical subjects, but on curious questions of all sorts, some of them quite the reverse of ethical, and widely varying in value. But the value of the whole work can hardly be overstated, as a treasury of the opinions and information of the ancient world. Mr. Emerson, in his charming prefatory paper, points out the excellencies of Plutarch with the eye of a lover; and when he says "Plutarch will be perpetually rediscovered from time to time as long as books last," his readers will be reminded how to many of them his own "Essays" first commended the old sage. In this day, when antiquity is undergoing a scrutiny more sympathetic and

just than heretofore, these "Morals" are a store-house from which to gather knowledge on many points under discussion. Plutarch, though not a great or original thinker, had a wide and hospitable mind, admired good thoughts and great deeds, and has done more, perhaps, than any other to transmit these from the ancient world to be an influence in the modern world. The touches of his personal character which Plutarch permits us to gather from himself give a very pleasing picture of the old man living his blameless life in Chæronea, loving his wife Timoxena, mourning for his daughter's death, discharging the priestly offices of the religion of his country, and gossiping with his readers from that day to this. Born in A.D. 50, and dying in the reign of Hadrian, his life was in a dark, bad time, and is helpful to us by showing that good men could be better than the evil time in which their lives were cast. He lacks the loftiness and bracing quality of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, yet is himself a very instructive illustration of the greatnesses and the limitations of the ancient mind apart from Christianity. He has floated down to us the best sayings of two hundred and fifty writers, of whom eighty are said to be authors whose works are wholly or partially lost. His discussions of questions in natural science remind one of Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, and are as obsolete. Many things in his writings disclose to us the depths of wickedness that lay around him, of which he speaks without any intense flame of indignation, yet with a grave and religious disapproval, and with a plainness of speech quite alien from modern nicety in such matters. He speaks of the *Training of Children*, and gives *Marriage Precepts* in a way which shows him to be a good father and husband, though he was just growing to manhood in the time of Nero. The light which he throws on manners and customs, the gleams of character in historical persons, are invaluable. How good is this reパートee of Socrates: "Having fallen one day very severely upon an acquaintance of his at table, Plato could not forbear to take him up, saying, 'Had it not been more proper, sir, to have spoken these things in private?' To which Socrates instantly replied, 'And had it not been more proper for you to have told me so in private too?'"

The really ethical essays are noble, and reveal a devout mind and religious nature. Such are that *Of The Slow Punishments by the Divinity*, that *Against the Doctrine of Epicurus*, that *Of the Tranquillity of the Mind*, — to mention no others. "Neither rich furniture," he says, "nor abundance of gold; not a descent from an illustrious family or greatness of authority; not eloquence and all

the charms of speaking can procure so great a serenity of life as a mind free from guilt, kept untainted not only from actions, but purposes that are wicked. By this means the soul will be not only unpolluted, but undisturbed ; the fountain will run clear and unsullied ; and the streams that flow from it will be just and honest deeds, ecstasies of satisfaction, a brisk energy of spirit which makes a man an enthusiast in his joy, and a tenacious memory sweeter than hope. . . . For as censers, even after they are empty, do for a long time after retain their fragrancy, as Carneades expresseth it, so the good actions of a wise man perfume his mind, and leave a rich scent behind them."

In his philosophy Plutarch was an eclectic, with a leaning to Platonism. He believed in one supreme Divinity, infinitely distant from the world, and governing it through intermediate beings, the gods who were worshiped by men. He believed also in the eternal existence of a principle of evil, antagonistic to the divine principle of good. In his religion, daemons played an important part, as the means of communion between gods and men, sometimes good and sometimes evil, and he calculates from certain lines of Hesiod the age of a daemon to be nine thousand seven hundred and twenty years. Divine revelations through oracles and myths he believed in, and one of the most interesting of his essays is that which inquires why the oracles cease to give answers,—in which occurs the vivid account of the mysterious voice which announced to a ship at sea that "the great god Pan is dead."

Plutarch is one of the latest authors of antiquity who sincerely believed in the fading faith of antiquity and in a divine government of the world ; and he labored sincerely, though unavailingly, to rekindle the dying embers of the old religion in the hearts of his contemporaries and to revive in them the first principles of faith and morals. His earnest honesty in this makes his readers respect and love him, and his genial, kindly spirit wins them, while his stores of information make him indispensable to students of one of the most interesting periods of history, and of many of the most important subjects of human inquiry.

We would again express grateful acknowledgements to Professor Goodwin for the laborious and disinterested service which he has rendered by this accurate and handsome edition of the "Morals."

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By Lucien Biart. With 117 illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871. Pp. 891.

Boy readers are as much favored as girls in this golden age of childhood. This book, translated from the French, is of the very best kind, and thoroughly to be commended as a New Year's gift for any intelligent, open-minded boy. It purports to be written by a naturalist who takes with him his little son in his explorations of the wilds of Mexico. The nine-year-old Lucien, Sumichrast, their Swiss companion, and l'Encuerado, their Indian servant, pass through many adventures and perils, but are repaid by the stalactite caves, the waterfalls, the tropical vegetation, the raft voyage down an unknown river, the wonders of animal and vegetable life, which crowd these pages. The book is a good illustration of the truth that no fiction can be so interesting to youthful, healthy minds, as the facts of natural history well told. The illustrations are excellent and numerous, and add beauty and value to the book.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED. A Story of the First Century. By the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is an historical romance. The characters around whom the story gathers interest—Germanicus, Agrippina, and Tiberius—are very faithfully drawn, and are true to the facts of history. An inside view of Rome and the Roman Empire at the time of the Christian era and during the half century following is painted in sober but true colors, and slavery, with its horrible oppressions and cruelties, appears black as it should be. Herman, a German captive, with his mother and sister, are taken to Rome, march in the triumphal procession of Germanicus, are reduced to slavery, fall in with Christians, and are converted to Christianity. Their checkered and varied fortunes furnish the material of the story, and furnish occasion to the author to paint the old rotten state of society and the dreary emptiness of the Roman religion and worship in contrast with the new creation in Jesus Christ. Clœlia, the vestal virgin, is a character very beautifully drawn, and personifies what is good in the state religion, or rather what was, and the longing and the baffled hopes for a better future felt by all good and receptive minds—"the earnest expectation of the creature" travailing in pain near the birth of a new era. The book, in our judgment, is the best which the author has produced, and that is certainly high praise. It abounds in fine historical painting, and the work is, in fact, a persuasive plea for the power and truth of the Christian religion.

THE TONE MASTERS. By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. Bach and Beethoven. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

Here is a book which can be cordially commended for young people of musical tastes, and for older persons, likewise, who wish to learn the story of the great masters of musical composition.

Round "the great organ," which we all know, is grouped just enough human interest to bring the story into our modern life, and to warm it with charity; and then to the little company to whom the reader is introduced the history of the lives of Bach and Beethoven is related, and an enthusiastic, appreciative analysis of some of their works is given. Those who are just making the acquaintance of the great symphonies, as they surge round the silent bronze figure on the Music Hall platform, will be helped by this little book to understand the secret of their meaning.

GOLD AND NAME. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

The enthusiastic letter of commendation from Mdlle Christine Nilsson to the translators, which is prefixed to this story, will doubtless persuade many musical souls to read it. It is to be feared, however, that they will be disappointed if they look here for the peculiar charm of Miss Bremer's writings. The story has, indeed, the foreign atmosphere which gives a piquant and attractive sense of novelty, but it labors somewhat heavily at times, and its interest centres largely, after the continental fashion, in matrimonial bickerings and misunderstandings.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1871.

Mr. Howells is one of the very best of essayists. No one save Hawthorne has written such exquisite and characteristic papers, although we miss in him the weird shadows that played over the spirit of the author of the "Scarlet Letter," and the deep glimpses into mystery and gloom which he opened to us. But there is a real kinship with the "Twice Told Tales," and a humor which Charles Lamb would have owned fellowship with. There is not a careless sentence, but every one sparkles. The account of Mrs. Johnson, the colored cook, the delicious paper on "Doorstep Acquaintance," the "Day's Pleasure," that entitled, "By Horse-Car to Boston," are delightful revelations of the freshness and interest that keen, good-humored eyes can find in the most prosy facts of life.

That on "Jubilee Days" is the best account of the great Coliseum festival, and brings back to the memory all its dusty flavors and strangely heterogeneous mingling of crowd and outside shows with grand musical effects.

PLANE AND PLANK; or The Mishaps of a Mechanic. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871.

This is one of the "Upward and Onward" series. Its young hero, Phil Farringsford, passes through various adventures while learning his honest trade as a carpenter, which bring him in such contact with the evils of intemperance and gambling as to impress a wholesome moral aversion to them on his mind, with plenty of excitement while he is learning them. The story carries the reader along with it and is well told. It must, however, in truth be said, that it has too much the appearance of being made "by the quantity," and though not injurious, is not particularly edifying to the youthful mind.

SAM SHIRK. A Tale of the Woods of Maine. By Geo. H. Devreux. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

The author of this fresh, breezy story of backwoods life won his spurs in literature long ago by his very charming translations from the Spanish of Yriarte. The present book is a very interesting and vivid picture of frontier adventure in hunting, logging, fighting with Indians, with enough of a love story interwoven with it to add the necessary human zest. The descriptions of scenery are evidently the work of a lover of nature, and the characteristic scenes of the book, have the unmistakable flavor of the woods, and would show, even if the author had not stated it in his preface, that he was intimately conversant with the free, wholesome life of adventure which he describes. The description of a jam among the logs on the river is especially vivid and good.

The following sentence from a letter of an honored clergyman and old subscriber to **THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE**, received by the publisher, is one of many expressions which have reached him! —

"*My dear Mr. Bowles*, — Permit me to congratulate you on the good Christian work which your magazine has done for many years, as I believe, and to hope that its influence will continue to be for genuine forms of faith and charity.

"Yours truly, _____"